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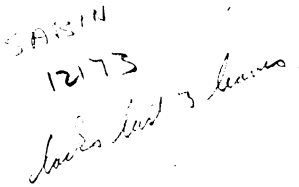

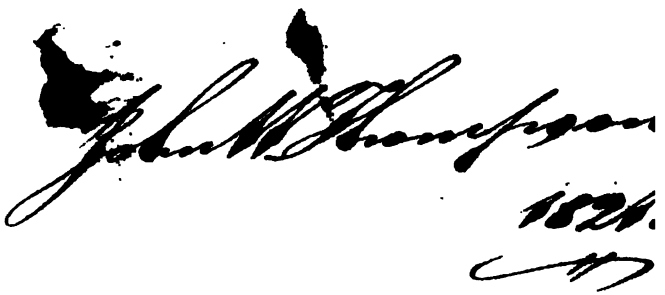

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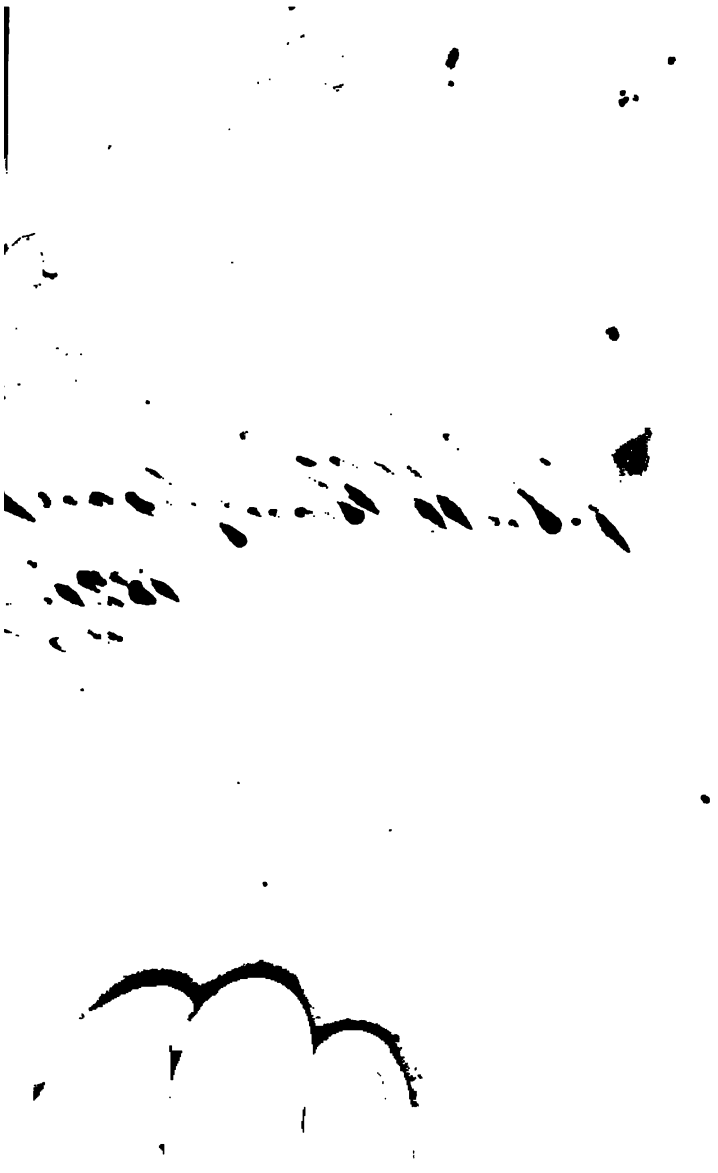

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

AND

ORIGINAL PIECES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

CONSISTING

PRINCIPALLY OF PIECES OF MORAL INSTRUCTION,

DESCRIPTIONS OF FINE SCENERY,

DELINEATIONS OF DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS, &c.

BY ELIZABETH CHASE.

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PREFACE.

In the course of my reading, it has been a practice with me, to copy any pieces that were remarkable for their instruction, or pleasing for their elegance; and it was my delight, as well as a relief from the corroding troubles of life, of which I have had no inconsiderable share, frequently to revise these. What has been a source of amusement and consolation to me may perhaps, be equally so to others. And what has lightened the pressure of circumstances peculiarly afflicting, may now in another way tend to produce the same effect. If that which was intended for my comfort and improve-

ment, by being rendered useful to others, can be made the instrument of obtaining for me the relief I require; I shall feel thankful to Divine Providence, which may thus have opened a way for me to have escaped the difficulties in which I am now involved.

ELIZABETH CHASE.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS,

AND

Original Pieces.

MONTICELLO,

THE SEAT OF MR. JEFFERSON.

From the Travels of the Marquis de Chastellax.

[The observations of a distinguished foreigner, written forty years ago, in relation to an American citizen, who was destined to become the chief magistrate of our republic, cannot be uninteresting to an American reader.]

On the summit of a mountain, we discovered the house of Mr. Jefferson, which stands pre-eminent in these retirements. It was he who who built it, and prefered this situation; for although he possessed considerable property in the neighbourhood, there was nothing to prevent him from fixing his residence wherever he thought proper. But it was a debt nature owed to a philosopher, and a man of taste, that in his own possessions he should find a spot where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house Monticello, (in Italian, *little mountain*) a very

modest title, though it is situated upon a very lofty one; but which announces the owner's attachment to the language of Italy; and above all to the fine arts, of which that country was the cradle, and is still the asylum. As I had no further occasion for a guide I separated from the Irishman and after ascending by a tolerably commodious road, for more than half an hour, we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. JEFFERSON was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault. It consists of one large square pavillion, the entrance of which is by two porticos ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists chiefly of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style. Above it, is a library of the same form, two small wings with only a ground floor, and attic story, are joined to this pavillion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices &c.; which will form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace. My object in this short description is only to shew the difference between this and the other houses of the country; for we may safely aver, that Mr. JEFFERSON is the first American who has consulted the fine arts, to know how he should shelter himself from the weather. But it is on *himself* alone I ought to

bestow my time; let me describe to you a man not yet forty; tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace: an American, who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman; a senator of America, who sat for two years in that FAMOUS CONGRESS which brought about the revolution, and which is never mentioned without respect, though unhappily, not without regret; as governor of Virginia, who filled this difficult station, during the invasion of Arnold, of Philips, and of Cornwallis; a philosopher, in voluntary retirement from the world, and public business; because he loves the world inasmuch only as he can flatter himself with being useful to mankind; and the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light or to suffer contradiction; a mild, and amiable wife, charming children, of whose education he himself takes charge; a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate. These are what remain to Mr. JEFFERSON after having played a principal character on the theatre of *the New World*, and which he prefered to the honourable commission of min-

ister plenipotentiary in Europe. The visit which I made him was not unexpected; for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him in the centre of the mountains: notwithstanding which I found his first appearance serious, nay, even cold; but before I had been two hours with him, we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together; walking, books, but above all, a conversation always varied and interesting; always supported by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons, who, in communicating their sentiments and opinions are invariably in unison, and who understood each other at the first hint, made four days pass away like so many minutes. This conformity of sentiments and opinions, on which I insist, because it constitutes my own eulogium, (and self love must somewhere shew itself) this conformity, I say was so perfect, that not only our taste was similar, but our predictions also: those partialities, which cold methodical minds ridicule as enthusiastic, while sensible and animated ones cherish and adopt the glorious appellation. I recollect with pleasure that as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. JEFFERSON had retired, our conversation turned on the Poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from

one to the other, we recollected the passages in those sublime poems which particularly struck us and entertained my fellow travellers, who fortunately knew English well, and were qualified to judge of their merit, though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm, the book was sent for and placed near the bowl, where by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us; sometimes natural philosophy, at others politicks, or the arts, were the topicks of our conversation; for no object had escaped Mr. JEFFERSON, and it seemed as if from his youth, he had placed his mind as he had done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe. I must now quit the friend of nature, but not nature herself, who expects me in all her splendour at the end of my journey; I mean the famous bridge of rocks which unites two mountains, the most curious object I ever yet beheld, as its construction is the most difficult of solution. Mr. JEFFERSON would most willingly have conducted me hither, although this wonder is upwards of eighty miles from him, and he had often seen it, but his wife expecting every moment a confinement, and himself as good a husband as he is an excellent philosopher and a virtuous citizen, he only acted as my guide for

about sixteen miles, when we parted, and I presume to flatter myself with mutual regret.

LAKE OF KESWICK.

SO much has been said about the beauties of the lakes and mountains of Keswick that it would be unpardonable were I not particularly to describe them. We were impatient to enter upon the lake, and thought every delay irksome which kept us from the enchanting scene. We hasted thither, and from Cobshoot hill, took a general survey of the lake, which though inferior in size to Uls-water, is yet different in its beauties, and afforded us many delightful scenes. The water which still bears the name of Derwentwater, though embodied in so great a lake, said to be ten miles in circumference, was transparent as chrystal, and shining as a mirror, over whose surface five fine islands were dispersed: the nearest in view was covered with yellow corn, the rest cloathed in wood, the hills are very lofty, arising on every side from the margin of the lake. Here the mountains were in some parts covered with grass, in others with heath. There the rocks were grown with shrubs and brush wood, which hung in their apertures and creeks. Little valleys of cultivated land presented themselves in the openings and windings of the mountains and small enclosures

and groves of oak, stretched up the precipitate ascents of several hills from the brink of the water. At the head of the basin the mountains were more rugged and romantic. We hurried to the boat, that we might enjoy the pleasures of the place in their greatest perfection. The general view was magnificent and beautiful, but we wanted to take each pleasing scene apart. We ordered the boatmen to cast round the nearest island, called Vicar's Island, containing about six acres of corn land, on the eastern side of which a few sycamores formed a little grove, covering a hovel, which varied the hue with a rich green, and gave the whole a picturesque appearance. Here we found a sweet shade whilst we lay on our oars to listen to the sound of waterfalls, which struck the ear from every side with an agreeable solemnity. On my second visit I lamented to see that this grove was hewn down, this beauty effaced. What will not *avarice* perpetrate. Now we had a valley to the right, opening to our view, and extending a rich plain to the north-west, three or four miles in breadth; the strip of corn and little groves scattered here and there gave the most pleasing variety, and when contrasted with the verdure of mown meads, struck by the rays of the morning sun, and happily opposed to the adjoining mountains. In this vale the church,

with some seat houses shewed their white fronts, over which the mountains arising to the right were stupendous and gloomy, as they stood covered with clouds. There Skiddow raised his head, and with a peaked brow overlooked Saddle back and Cawsey-pike, together with a chain of mountains stretching away towards the north-west, whilst on the other hand, the hills and rocks which stand upon Bassenthwarte water, form the other wing of a lofty avenue of mountains, which extend into the distant plains. We coasted the right hand side of the lake, where the hills gradually retiring from its margin, rise to their summits, covered with herbage. Here we had a view of the little valley of Newland, which winds about the feet of the mountains, and with the finest verdure from the small enclosures of grass ground, refreshes the eye, which had laboured with upstretched looks over the vast heights that shut it in on every side: there, cattle and sheep were seen pasturing, little cottages were dispersed among the hedge-row askes, while the shadows of the hills suffered the sunshine to fall only in strips over the vale.

We landed at St. Herbert's Island, which contains about five acres of land, now covered with young trees, famous for being the residence of

St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion. He was surrounded by the lake which afforded him fish for his diet. On every hand the sound of the waterfalls excited the most solemn strains of meditation. Rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, where barrenness and solitude seemed to take up their eternal abode. From the situation of this place, nature has given three parts of the year to impetuous hurricanes and storms, the fourth alone provides for the rest. Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which appear at this day; being a building of stone, formed into two apartments, the outward one of twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of narrower dimensions. He was a cotemporary with St. Cuthbert, and as the legends of that time say, by the prayers of that saint, he obtained a joint or equotemporary death with him in the year of our Lord 608. There is no history of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety, or miracles preserved by the inhabitants of the country. The passion for solitude and a recluse life, which reigned in the

days of this saint, and was cherished by the monastic school, although at first sight may appear to us uncouth and enthusiastic, yet when we examine into these times, our astonishment will cease; whilst we consider the estate of those men, who, under all the prejudices of education, were living in an age of ignorance, vassalage, and rapine; and we shall rather applaud than condemn a devotee, who disgusted with the world, and the sins of men, consigns his life to the service of the Deity in retirement.

We now pursued our voyage by a noble woody scene, where Brandelow park arising from the edge of the lake, with stately young oaks, extends its groves over two round holes or eminences, and behind them, after covering a little intervening valley, rises on the side of a mountain to a considerable height, and forms a woody amphitheatre, fringed with some small strips of corn which grow under its skirts, whilst all above are stupendous hills and rocks. The strait boles of the trees, together with the verdure of the ground under their shadow which was perceived at a great depth in the grove, by reason of the distance at which the trees stood from each other, formed an uncommon and solemn scene, which being again reflected by the waters, seemed like inchanted lawn, to where the Dryads met their Naiad nymphs in the happy

regions of the Genius of the lake; the views on every side are very different. Here all the possible variety of Alpine scenery is exhibited with all the horror of precipice, broken crag, or over hanging rock, or insulated piramidal hills contrasted with others, whose smooth and verdant sides, swelling into immense aerial heights, at once please and surprize the eye. We arrived at the borders of Mainsty meadow, a flat of a few acres at the foot of the mountains, where our boat anchored that we might enjoy the pleasures of the situation, to the left, the nearest object was a wooded island edged, with rocks, behind which brandelow park and oaken groves, drest in the deepest green, covered with hills which arose from the margin of the lake, and from thence stretched up to the foot of Catbell's mountain, which laid so near to us that it required the eye which viewed its summit to be turned directly upwards. On our right, at the distance of about one hundred yards, lay another small island, on whose rocky margin, brush wood and willow hung fantastically above, through whose thickets the distant shores were seen, where the mighty cliffs of falcon and wollow crags, projecting, showed their grotesque and tremendous brows in a lofty line of rocks, beneath the feet of which a strip of cultivated lands and woods shot forth a

verdant promontory, which sunk gradually into the lake. In the centre of this view, after stretching the eye for the distance of three miles, over a basin of the clearest and smoothest water, spreading its bosom to the noontide sun) is a large mount called Castlehead Rocks, rising in a cone and covered with oak, behind which a lofty mountain raised its brown brow, drest in heat and sun burnt herbage, exceeded only by Skiddow covered by blue vapor, and capped with clouds which terminated the prospect. After passing Bank park, a rocky and barren promontary on which a few scattered trees looked deplorably aged and torn, we entered a fine bay, where the moutains rise immediately out of the lake, here standing perpendicular, there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion as being piled, heap on heap, from the convulsions of chaos, and in other parts shelving and hanging over the lake, as if they threatened an immediate fall; the whole forming a stupendous circus. In the front of this romantic scene, a small mount presents itself, covered with herbage; overlooking this mount, stands a round rock, pushing his mountainous brow into the clouds, once crowned with a castle on its summit, sweetly contrasted by the grey rock behind. There grows, with peculiar picturesque beauties, a sin-

gle ancient oak. The lake beneath was a perfect mirror. On each hand, the cliffs and mountains are strewed with bushes and shrubs, down from whose sides small streams of water trill like so many threads of silver, giving a delicate mixture to the greyness of the rocks over which they pass, in many places perpendicular, and rent into a thousand columns, rude as if they had been torn by thunderbolts. In other places they are of a tamer aspect, and compacted in one solid mass, standing firm as the pillars of the Antedeluvian world; where the hills are separated, little vales filled with wood, or narrow winding dells of grass ground twist around their feet, and give a happy variegation to the view. In some places, clefts in the rocks afford a prospect into a valley behind; in others the overhanging cliffs form rude arches and apertures, through which distant mountains are discovered; where the clouds rolled in heavy volumes, giving a gloominess to those regions of confusion and barrenness, which rendered the lustre of the shining lake, and the streams of light, which fell upon the rocks, water fall, and shrubs, brighter and more pleasing. In the cliffs in this part of the lake, eagles build their nests, far removed from gun-shot, and undisturbed by men; for no adventurous foot ever dared assail their

lofty habitation. In the sight of the cottager, hither they bring the spoils of the fold, or the field, to feed their young. Superior to the wrath of the injured, we now proceeded up the river which feeds the lake. The water-lily spreads its broad leaves over the surface, and here and there shewed its meek white bells; being, at this season, in full perfection. We anchored near a small but pleasant habitation, called Lodore, a place quite adapted for the abode of a recluse. We were landed on a plain of meadow ground, which descended to the edge of the water, over which we passed to an adjoining wood, at the foot of the rocks behind the Lodore house. After winding through several passes in these groves and thickets, we gained a situation where we were delighted with the noble objects which presented themselves to our view. Around us was spread a grove of tall young oaks, ash and birch trees, which gave an agreeable coolness and shade above the trees. With uplifted looks to the right, we viewed a mountain of rock called Shepherd's Crag, forming a rude circular mass, shelving from the foot towards its crown, in a spiral form. Herbage and shrubs grew fantastically upon its sides, whilst the very summit wore a verdant cap of grass. To the left arose a perpendicular grey cliff, said to be a thousand

feet in height from the lake, rent into innumerable fissures, and standing like massive columns in rude arrangement, to support the seeming ruins of a shattered tower, grown white with storms. In the opening between these stupendous rocks, the river pours its whole stream, forming a grand cascade near two hundred feet high. As the channel is rugged, the water makes a sheet of foam, roars among the caverns and cliffs, so that you are deprived of hearing any thing but its tumult. Reaching the wood where the descent is less precipitate, it winds among the trees, sometimes shewing itself, at others totally concealed. The spray which is dashed around the rocks and carried upon the breeze, wherever it meets the rays of the sun through the openings of the cliffs, takes the colours of the rainbow. Claud, in his happiest hour, never struck out a finer landscape. It has every requisite which the pencil can demand; and is, perhaps, the only view in England, which can vie with the sublime scenes from which that painter formed his taste.

The romantic scenes upon the lake, induced us to take a boat at night, under favour of the moon, which was near the full; we began our voyage soon after she had illumined the top of Skiddow; but from the intercepting mountains, had not (within the ascent of an hour,) reached the lake.

We were surrounded with a solemn gloom. The stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the water falls tremendous, as they in all their variety of sounds were re-echoed from every cavern. The summits of the rocks began to receive the rising rays, and appeared as if crowned with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the night advanced, objects arose to view, as if singing on the first morning from chaos. The water was a plain of sable, sprinkled over with gems, reflected from the starry firmament. The groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were hid in darkness, and all was one grave and majestic circle of shadow,

> ——————Rising in clouded majesty, at length
> A parent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When the long protracted shades the mountains cast on the bosom of the lake, showed the vastness of those masses from whence they proceeded, and still as the moon arose higher in the horizon, the distant objects began to be more illumined, and the whole presented us with a noble moonlight piece, delicately touched by the hand of nature, and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the

works of the Flemish painters. The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, the islands, with a meekness of colouring which added to the solemnity of the night; every bay and promontory assumed an appearance different from what it had by day light. The little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes, where we might have wandered with delight till morn.

Travellers, who go in pursuit of pleasure to KESWICK, are not unfortunate if they fall upon the means of procuring the barge belonging to the duke of Portland, a commodious vessel of four oars, which will hold a company of eight or ten persons, with lockers for the carriage of provisions for a day's voyage, and also furnished with cannon for the echoes. While we paused to regale ourselves, we were gratified by the music of two French horns, whose harmony was repeated from every recess which echo haunted on the borders of the lake. Here the breathings of the organ were imitated, there the bassoon, with clarinetts in this place from the harsher sounding cliffs, the cornet in that. From the wooded creek, among the caverns and the trib-

ling waterfalls, we heard the softened lute, accompanied by the languishing strains of enamoured nymphs, whilst in the copse and grove was still retained the music of the horn. All this vast theatre was possessed by innumerable aerial beings, who breathed celestial harmony during the time of our repast. The wind was hushed, and the lake, which on our first entrance was troubled and foaming, now became a shining mirror, reflecting reversed mountains, rocks, groves, meads, and vales. The water was so transparent that we could perceive the fish and pebbles at the depth of six or eight fathom. We now doubled a woody promontory, and passing by the foot of Gobury Park, ascended into the narrow part of the lake, leaving the grassy margin and scattered copse which had bordered the water as we passed by Water Mellock. The scene was nobly awful as we approached Starberry Crag; at every winding of our passage new hills and rocks were seen. The clouds hung heavily upon the mountains, rolling in gloomy volumes over their heads, in some places admitting the sun-beams, which illuminated the winding dells with a greyish light. The village of Sebergham is situated on a hill, and commands a view of several romantic spots. The principal building in this parish, is Seberg-

ham Hall, the hospitable mansion of sir John Simpson. It is a neat and modern building, in a romantic situation; the rooms are large, square, and lofty; the staircase noble. The apartments handsomely furnished, and the traveller is agreeably surprised with a degree of elegance he seldom finds in remote and sequestered villages. From the front of the house, the eye skims over fine cultivated grounds, loaded with the rich produce of nature, improved by the industrious hand of modern husbandry, till the distant junction of clouds and mountains terminate the prospect. On the right hand of the house is a spacious garden, laid out in the Gothic taste, and backed by a noble orchard. On the left are extensive offices, in excellent repair, and from the back of the house you look down on a bold slope, every where cultivated and inclosed, till the swelling hills, covered with verdant herbage to their tops, on the opposite shore of the Caldew, terminate the prospect on that side. Here the distant hollow murmuring of that impetuous river, whose current rushes through the dale beneath you, gently catch the ear, while the waters are hidden from the eye, by the surrounding groves in which it is embosomed. Nature, in short, has furnished this delightful spot with every thing necessary for the happiness of

those who know how to fix bounds to their desires; and the inhabitants are sensible and deserving of it. They are hospitable and friendly, and many of them excellent scholars. The jargon of politics, and the rage of party, have not yet destroyed their tranquillity; and though they converse freely on political subjects, they cannot be persuaded that fruitless contentions ought to disturb their repose. If any thing is disagreeable in this country 'tis the unsettled weather, which renders a fine day in summer very uncertain. Their winters also, are long and disagreeable.

WENTWORTH HOUSE,

Was built by the late Marquis of Rockingham. It is situated in the midst of a most beautiful country, and in a park that is one of the most exquisite spots in the world. It consists of an irregular quadrangle, inclosing the courts, with two grand fronts; the principal one, to the park, extends in a line upwards of 600 feet, forming a centre, and two wings. Nothing in architecture can be finer than this centre, which extends nineteen windows; in the middle a most noble portico projects 20 feet, and is 60 long in the area; six magnificent Corinthian pillars support it in front, and one at each end. This

portico is lightness and elegance itself; the bases of the pillars rest on pedestals, in a line upon the rustic. The tympanum is excellently proportioned; at the points are three very light statues; the cornice, the arms, and the capitals, are admirably executed; a ballustrade crowns the rest of the front, at each end a statue, and between them vases; the whole writing to form a centre, at once pleasing and magnificent, in which lightness vies with grandeur, and simplicity with elegance.

The rustic floor consists of a very large arcade, and two suites of rooms; in the arcade is a fine groupe in statuary, containing three figures as large as life, in which one of gigantic stature is getting the better of two others. The sculptor was Foggina. The two lower figures are finely executed. Upon this floor are an immense number of rooms, of all sorts, and among others are a great many admirable apartments, furnished with great elegance, in velvet, damask, &c. gilt and carved ornaments. Upon the principal floor you enter first the grand hall, which is beyond all comparison the finest room in England. The justness of the proportion is such as must strike every eye with the most agreeable surprize on entering it. It is 60 feet square, and 40 high; a gallery 10 feet wide is carried

round the whole, which leaves the area a cube of 40 feet. This circumstance gives it an elegance and magnificence unmatched in any other hall. The gallery is supported by eighteen most noble Ionic fluted pillars, incrusted with a paste, representing in the most natural manner several marbles. The shafts are of Sina, and so admirably imitated as not to be distinguished from reality, by the most experienced and scrutinizing eye. The bases, pedestals, the capitals of white marble, and the square of the bases verde antique—nothing can have a more beautiful effect than these pillars. Between the pillars are eight niches in the wall, in which are placed statues; and over these are very elegant relievos, in pannels, struck in stucco, and between the capital festoons of the same, in a style which cannot fail of pleasing the most cultivated taste. The ceiling is of compartments in stucco, simply magnificent, and admirably executed. To describe the different apartments of this superb mansion, and their furniture, and ornaments, would far exceed the limits prescribed to one article in this work. We must therefore quit the structure, and say something of its surrounding beauties.

The park and environs of Wentworth House, are, if any thing can be, more noble than the

edifice itself; for which way soever you approach it, magnificent woods, spreading waters, and elegant temples break upon the eye at every angle. Many of the objects are viewed to the greatest advantage by taking the principal entrance from Rotherham; at the very entrance of the park, the prospect is delicious; in front you look full on a noble range of hills, dales, lakes, and woods; the house sweetly situated in the centre of the whole, the eye naturally falls into the valley before you, through which the waters wind in a noble style. On the opposite side is a vast sweep of rising slopes, finely scattered with trees up to the house, which is here seen distinctly, and stands in the point of grandeur, from whence it seems to command all the surrounding country; the woods stretching away above, below, and to the right and left, with inconceivable magnificence. From the pyramid on one side, which rises from the bosom of a wood, the beauties of which is much easier to be imagined than described. In one place the rustic temple crowns the point of a waving hill, and in another the Ionic one appears with a lightness that decorates the surrounding groves. The situation of the house is no where better seen than from this point, for in some places near it appears too low, but the country is manifest from hence descending. Toward the wood

beneath, another view breaks upon the eye which cannot but delight it first, the water winding through the valley in a very beautiful manner. On the other side a fine slope rising to the rustic temple, most elegantly backed with a dark spreading wood. To the right a vast range of plantations covering a whole sweep of hill, and near the summit of the pyramid, raising its bold head from the dark bosom of surrounding wood, the effect is truly great. On the left of the house, the Ionic temple at the end is most happily placed in a spot from whence it throws an elegance over every landscape; the road then entering, winds through the wood before mentioned; in short, no grove at Wentworth is without its scenes of elegance and retirement. This wood is cut into winding walks, of which there is a great variety. On one part of it, on a small hill of shaven grass, is a neat house for repasts in hot weather, and from hence a walk round the aviary, which is a light Chinese building, of a pleasing design; it is stocked with Canary and other foreign birds, which are kept alive in winter by means of hot walls at the back of the building. In another part of the wood is an octagon temple in a small lawn, and the walk winds in another place over a bridge of rock work, which is thrown over a

small water, thickly surrounded by trees. Having mentioned the pyramid, it is requisite to add, that it is a triangular tower about 200 feet high, built on the summit of a very fine hill, at a distance from the house; there is a winding stair case up it, and from the top, a most astonishing prospect is afforded. The house and all its surrounding hills, woods, waters, temples, &c. are viewed at one glance, and around them an amazing tract of cultivated enclosures. Upon the whole, Wentworth is one of the finest places in the kingdom; the house is not surpassed by any other; the park is a noble range of natural and artificial beauty; the temples are exquisite pieces of architecture, so admirably placed as to throw a lustre over every spot.

[To render this description of WENTWORTH HOUSE, now the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, more complete, it may be proper to add that account of it contained in an interesting work, handsomely illustrated by upwards of 250 engravings, and published in London the last year, (1820,) entitled "*A Picture of England, or Historical and Descriptive Delineations of the most curious works of Nature and Art in each County, by* J. N. BREWER."]

WENTWORTH HOUSE.

From Brewer's Picture of England.

"At the distance of four miles from Rotheram is Wentworth House, the seat of Earl

Fitzwilliam. This magnificent structure consists of a centre and two wings, and is above two hundred yards in length. The principal rooms are of noble dimensions, and are fitted up with great elegance. The hall and gallery are particularly admired. The ceiling of the latter apartment is supported by Ionic columns, and the intervening niches are ornamented with fine marble statues. The works of art contained in this princely residence, are equally numerous and estimable. The paintings comprise many works of the best ancient masters; but no individual piece has attracted so much notice as the celebrated picture of Lord Strafford and his secretary, by Vandyck. In the museum are reposited some fine antiques.

"The park consists of more than fifteen hundred acres, and is richly ornamented with wood and water. In different parts of these extensive grounds, are decorative buildings, well designed, and placed with accurate taste. The most conspicuous artificial object is a *mausoleum*, erected by the present Earl, in honour of his uncle, the late Marquis of Rockingham. This august fabric is ninety feet in height, and consists of three divisions. The first is a square Doric basement; the second story is of the same form, but of the Ionic order; each of the sides

opening into an arch, and disclosing a beautiful sarcophagus standing in the centre. The whole is surmounted by a cupola, supported by twelve Ionic columns. The interim of the lower story contains a marble statue of the Marquis, in his robes, executed by Nolekins. On the pedestal are laudatory inscriptions in prose and verse."

BRENTA.

Our watery journey down the Brenta, was indeed, delightful. Friendship, music, poetry, combined their charms with those of nature to enchant us, and make one think the passage was too short. The scent of odoriferous plants, the smoothness of the water, the sweetness of the piano forte, which allured to its banks many of the gay inhabitants, who glad of a change in the variety of their amusements, came down to the shores, and danced or sung as we went by, seized every sense at once, and filled me with unaffected pleasure. I longed to see the weeping willow planted along this elegant stream; but the Venetians like to see nothing weep. Millar says, "Of all Europe it prospers best in pensive Britain." Lovely Venice! wise in her councils, grave and steady in

her just authority, splendid in her palaces, gay in her casinos, and charming in all. How sweetly the caged nightingales, when men are most silent, answer each other across the canals, increasing the enchantments of Venetian moonlight, while the full gondolas, skimming over the tide with a lanthorn in their stern, like glow-worms of a dark evening, dashing the cool wave too, as they glide along, leave no moments unmarked by peculiarity of pleasure.

MRS. PIOZZI.

THE WIDOW.

In a cottage on the manor of Beaulieu, lived an ancient widow; her solitary dwelling stood sweetly in a dell on the edge of the forest; her husband had himself reared it, and led her to it as the habitation of her life. He had made a garden in the front, planted an orchard at one end, and a few trees at the other, which in forty years had now shielded the cottage, and almost concealed it. In her early youth she had been left a widow, with two sons and a daughter, whose slender education (only what she herself could give them,) was almost her whole employment; and the time of their youth, she said, was the pleasantest time of her life. As they

grew up, and the cares of the world subsided, a settled piety took possession of her mind. Her age was oppressed with infirmity, sickness, and various afflictions in her family. In these distresses her Bible was her great comfort. I visited her frequently in her last illness, and found her very intelligent in scripture, and well versed in all the gospel topics of consolation; for many years, she every day read a portion of her Bible, seldom any other book.

> Just knew, and knew no more, her Bible true,
> And in that charter read with sparkling eyes,
> Her title to a treasure in the skies.

When she met with passages she did not understand at one time or other, she said she often heard them explained at church. The story seems to evince how very sufficiently plain scripture is, unassisted with other helps, except such as are publicly provided to administer both the knowledge and the comforts of religion, even to the lowest classes of people.

GILPIN'S TOUR.

GLAME'S CASTLE,

In Scotland, belonging to Lord Strathmore, stands in the great valley of Strathmore, and is said to be the same castle in which Duncan was

murdered by Macbeth. It rises proudly out of what seems a great and thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers on the top. The house from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers atop, and the spread of its wings, has a very striking appearance. The approach through a double avenue of Scotch firs, is a full mile long; and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement and grass-plats, adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings, bordered with old silver firs and yew trees alternately, and opening with an iron palisade to two square old fashioned parterres, surrounded by stone fruit walls.

GRAY'S TRAVELS.

ANN, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Dorset, and Montgomery, was a lady of extraordinary virtues, and is still the object of great veneration. She was the daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, one of the heroes of the gallant age of Elizabeth. This noble person distinguished himself by his naval expeditions. In return for his patriotism, he was appointed by his royal mistress her cham-

pion in all tilts and tornaments, where the grace and dignity of his behaviour, and his skill, and address in arms, were equally admired.

Lady Ann Clifford, was only ten years of age when her father died; but her education was conducted by two excellent women; her mother, a daughter of the earl of Medford, and afterwards by her aunt, the countess of Warwick.

In her early youth, she married Lord Buckhurst, earl of Dorset; with whom, during a few years, she lived very happily; but he soon leaving her a widow, she married six years after, Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. This nobleman was possessed of an estate of eighteen thousand pounds a year; but he was vicious, ignorant, and unlettered; and his publick character was stained with ingratitude and tergiversation, by the noble historian of those unfortunate times. With this worthless man, his unhappy lady lived near twenty years; during the latter part of his life, indeed, he became so dissolute, that she was obliged to leave him. At the time of his death, she found herself possessed of a very ample fortune. The great estates of the Cliffords came to her. She had besides two great jointures; that which she received from her first husband was between three and four thousand a year; and that from the

Earl of Pembroke was nearly equal to it. On the event of his death she immediately laid out the plan of her future life, determining to retire into the north, and spend it on her own estate. The countess of Pembroke determined on repairing all her castles, five in number, as they suffered in the civil wars, and were more or less in a state of great decay. She did repair and furnish them all. This great work she completed during the years 1657, and 1658; and placed over the gate of each castle, the following

INSCRIPTION:

This Castle was repaired by the Lady Ann Clifford, countess dowager of Pembroke; &c. in the year———after the main part of it had laid ruinous ever since 1648, when it was demolished almost to the ground by the parliament then sitting at Westminster, because it had been a garrison in the civil wars.

Laus Deo.

Oliver Cromwell was, at this time, at the head of affairs, whose hypocrisy and villainy, the countess of Pembroke detested, and as she had too much spirit to conceal her sentiments, it is probable the protector was enough informed, how little she esteemed him; her friends therefore knowing the jealousy of her temper, advised her not to be so profuse in building, as they were well assured, that as soon as she had built her castles he would order them to be destroy-

ed, but she answered with great spirit, let him destroy them if he will, but he shall surely find, that as often as he destroys them, I will rebuild them, while he leaves me a shilling in my pocket. She shewed her contempt for Cromwell, and her own lofty spirit on another occasion. Her uncle had left her affairs so involved, that she found herself under a necessity of recovering some of her rights by a tedious lawsuit, the affair being represented to Cromwell by the opposite party, he offered his mediation, but she answered loftily, she would never accept it, while there was any law to be found in England; what, said she, does he imagine that I, who refused to submit to king James, will submit to him? But notwithstanding her spirit, neither her castles nor her estate were injured, some ascribed this lenity to Cromwell's reverence of her virtues, which is very improbable; others to her numerous friends, with whom the protector wished to keep fair, which it is most likely was the truth. Her dislike to Cromwell, was not founded on party but on principle; she had the same dislike to Charles when she became acquainted with the spirit of his government. On being pressed by her friends some time after the restoration, to go to court; by no means, said she, unless I may be allowed to wear blinkers.

Besides her castles, she found likewise in ruins almost all the churches belonging to the several villages on her estates. The spire of one had been beaten down, another had been urned into a magazine, a third into a hospital; seven of them had been brought to this ruinous condition, each of which she built from the ground, or repaired, furnishing them all with decent pews. That her tenants in every part of her estates, might have churches in their neighbourhood, her several buildings and repairs, at her first coming into the north, did not cost her less than forty thousand pounds. At each of her castles, she resided a part of every year, regularly moving from one to the other. Thus overlooking the whole of her vast estates, and blessing the country wherever she went; for she was every where the common patroness of all who were distressed. Her heart was as large as her ability; and misery of every kind, that could get its story fairly represented to her, was sure of relief. Nor was she content with occasional acts of charity, but made many of her charitable intentions permanent by endowments. The greatest of these works were two hospitals, which she founded. One little pleasing monument of this kind, stands by the side of the road between Penrith and Appelby. It is a monu-

ment, indeed, rather of her filial piety, than of her charity. On this spot, in her early youth, she had parted with her beloved mother, whom she never afterwards saw. She always remembered this parting scene with the tenderest feelings, and when she came into Westmoreland, among her other buildings, she raised a pillar to record it, with a stone table at its base. The pillar, which is still known in the country by the name of the Countess's Pillar, is decorated with her arms, a sun dial for the benefit of travellers, and the following

INSCRIPTION.

This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d. of April, 1616, in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d. day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by.—*Laus Deo.*

Her very household was a noble charity, her servants were generally the children of her tenants, and were sure of a provision if they behaved well. Her women servants had always little portions given them to begin the world with if they married to please her. She was a lady of uncommon prudence in the management of her affairs. Bishop Rainbow sums up her

character on this head in two words, by calling her, a perfect mistress of fore-cast and after-cast. Her economy was equal to her exactness. Nothing was spent in vanity, nothing was trifled away; all her family expences were under the article of necessaries, and the very form of regularity in which they constantly ran, made one year a check upon another. She had a mind improved and cultivated in many parts of learning. Dr. Donn in his humorous manner, used to say she knew how to converse on every thing, from predestination to flea silk; but history seems to have been her chief amusement, to the study of which she was probably first led by examining the history of her ancestors. This indeed, comprehended in a great degree the history of England, from the times of the conquest; for there were few public scenes of which her progenitors, particularly the Cliffords, an active race of men, were not deeply engaged. But the most conspicuous part of the character of this illustrious lady, was her piety and great attachment to religion. No doubt the amiable instructors of her youth, had given her disposition, which was naturally serious, a proper direction. But perhaps the best school in which she had learned to think justly, was that school of affliction, the house of her second hus-

band, the Earl of Pembroke, whose dissipated, abandoned life, taught her more than any thing else, the vanity of all earthly things, unless used for the purposes they were given. Few divines were better versed in scripture than she was; she could quote it particularly on all occasions; and never failed to read a portion of it every day, or have it read to her in the latter part of her life. The New Testament was her principal study; next to it she was particularly fond of the Psalms of David, and had those appointed for the day read regularly to her. She had been bred up in the church of England from her youth; and though she could not, in the fanatical times of the usurpation, attend any public service; yet, in the worst of those times, she never failed to hear the church service in her own private chapels, which she had been careful to fit up in all her castles. Many menaces of sequestrations she received from the ruling powers, if she persisted in that practice; but she showed the same spirit on this occasion, which she had before shown on many others. She continued her practice, and left them to do as they pleased. No attempts, however, were made against her. She had no idea of pomp and grandeur with regard to herself; her mode of living was rather parsimonious. Amidst all

the objects of her generosity, herself was the only person forgotten. In her diet she was ever abstemious, and would sometimes pleasantly boast, that she had scarce ever tasted wine or physic during her whole life. Of the elegance of dress, she had never been fond; but in her latter life she laid it entirely aside, wearing nothing for many years but a close habit of plain black serge; her retinue was merely for use, not parade. Besides her common domestics, she had always two lady's of education, who lived with her. Many hours she spent alone; at other times they read to her, and were her companions. Her chief expense, as far as concerned herself, was in books. Her library was stored with all the best writers in the English language; she knew no other.

Such was the life of this excellent lady, equally suited to any station in which God had pleased to place her. It was a life of no more indulgence than the most abridged circumstances would have allowed. Her ability in doing good was that only in which she exceeded others.

She lived twenty-six years after the death of her second husband. Providence lengthening out her life as a blessing to the country, beyond her eightieth year. The 23d of March, 1675, was the day of her dissolution; one of the most

melancholy days the northern counties ever experienced. In her ended the noble family of the Cliffords. Her daughter Margaret, by the Earl of Dorset, (her sole surviving heiress) marrying the Earl of Thanet, carried the Clifford estates into the Tufton family.

GILPIN.

The village of HARROWGATE is situated on the river *Nid*. In it are no less than four different mineral waters. 'Tis frequented by great numbers of people of fashion during the summer season. We went down a very steep hill from the town of Knaresborough to the river, and crossed it upon a stone bridge of two arches; near one end of the bridge we saw a cell, which had been dug out of a solid rock, and is called St. Roberts' Chapel. The river is shallow, but the stream is rapid and interrupted in its course by several large stones, which occasions a very agreeable murmuring. We walked along the side of the river till we came to the *petrifying spring;* or as it is more commonly called, the *dropping well*. This spring rises about two miles distant, and runs most part of the way under ground to this place. The water falls from a rock 16 or 17 feet high, and as it bends in a circular pro-

jection from the bottom to the top, in such a manner as that its brow hangs over about four or five feet, the water does not run down the side, but drops very fast from 30 or 40 places at the top, into a bason which it has hollowed in the ground; and every drop creates a musical kind of tinkling, which is probably owing to the concavity of the rock. We saw several pieces of moss which were petrified by this water. Tradition tells, that near this rock the famous mother Shipton was born. We spent several hours hereabouts, and were at last obliged by the coming on of the night, to leave with reluctance a place, where nature has elegantly disposed of every ingredient she could bestow to form a cheerful and pleasing scene. Whilst we walked under a shade of spreading trees, and were entertained with the dribbling of the water from the rock, and the rippling of the river, we saw the venerable ruins of a large castle, and a charming intermixture of rocks and trees on the opposite hill; above it part of the tower of Knaresborough church made its appearance, and through the trees we had several broken views of the town. From the dropping well, there are walks along the river side; and as the river circles very much, we had various points of view, which rendered the scene diversified and varied.

STUDLEY PARK is delightfully situated, a few miles from the village; the house is a very good one, and contains several spacious apartments well fitted up; but the pleasure grounds are the principal objects of attention. The first thing we were led to was the banqueting-house, a handsome building, containing a well proportioned room for dining, and a sleeping one with a sopha, within a screen, of very light elegant carving. In the former, is a statue of Venus of Medicis. At one corner of the lawn, (laid out in the form of a coffin) in front of this building, stands an Ionic dome temple in ruins, from which the views are various and pleasing. There are two of water partly surrounded with wood; another up to a Gothic tower, upon a fine rising ground; a fourth down upon a basin of water, with a portico upon the banks, beside others. Advancing up the hill to the right, which looked down upon a double cascade, one falling to appearance from out of a cavern of rock, in a just taste, into a canal, which forms a little beneath you another fall, and then is lost to the left behind a wood. Winding yet further to the right, and crossing a woody vale, we mounted a little hill with a tent on the summit, in a very picturesque and agreeable situation,; for you look down on a fine

winding lake which floats the valley, surrounded by a bold shore of wood, rising from its very banks; in one part of it a green seat is seen, and an arch in another. From this hill we were next conducted to FOUNTAINS' ABBEY, an exceeding fine ruin, adjoining and in sight of his grounds, lately purchased by Mr. A——. The extent of the building was very great, and many parts of it perfectly complete. Returning from the abbey, you wind in the valley on the banks of the lake, at the bottom of the tent hill. This spot is exceedingly beautiful; that hill or cone of rising wood is exquisitely pretty. From hence the walk rises upon the edge of the surrounding hills, which are covered with wood, and through the trees you catch many obscure views that are truly picturesque; you look through them down the lake in a most pleasing manner, and have also a beautiful view of the abbey. After this you command a river, winding ground the tent hill, covered with trees, and all encircled by a noble amphitheatre of hanging woods; the river meandring towards the abbey, which is seen to infinite advantage. The next view is from the green seat, where the noble ruins appear in a varied situation. Next we come to the white bench, from which the landscape is different from any of the preceding.

It is a fine hollow of wood. Further on from a bench, in a dark walk, an obelisk in the opposite wood is seen with a very good effect. This walk leads to the Gothic tower, a neat and elegant building, commanding a various and beautiful view; you look down upon a bank of wood, finely diversified with objects: to the left you see a tower rising out of hanging woods; next to that a building peeping over trees; over this the ruined dome temple in the very point of taste, most exquisitely situated, sweetly pleasing and picturesque, with several other objects that throw a variety over the scene. Upon the edge of a bank of wood stands the Roman monument, the model of that erected to the Horatii and Cureatii, from whence the views are equally beautiful. Leaving this spot, the riding leads on the edge of romantic precipices, scattered with pendant woods, which brings you to the Chinese temple, standing on a circular projection of the high ground, into the valley. Following the riding from hence, through the park towards the house, the scenes totally change, and that with an effect very advantageous: for losing the rocky steeps, and hollows of wood, in which the objects all are near and fully viewed, you rise to the command of a vast prospect of distant country. The town of Ripon,

and its church, are seen in the centre of a finely cultivated and well peopled vale, scattered with villages, houses, and other objects in a very pleasing manner. Upon the whole, Studley must please every person that views it. The principal scenes viewed from the Gothic tower, with some other touches before described, are extremely beautiful, and exhibit many romantic scenes which cannot fail of striking the spectator.

HACKFALL, seven miles from Studley, and two from Swinton, is laid out in a different style, greatly worth the trouble of any traveller going many miles out of his way to view it. Entering the woods from Swinton, the first point of view we came to was a little white building, by way of a seat, on the point of a round projecting hill. You look down upon a rapid stream, through scattered trees, which fringe the slope. To the right is an opening among the trees, which lets in a most beautiful view or range of hanging wood, which unite to form a gloomy hollow. Behind, through another opening in the adjoining trees, you look upon a fine bend of the river, Marsham steeple, and part of that town, beautifully appearing over some woods that hang to the water.

From hence the riding winds on the bank of the river, and passing a dropping spring, rises

up some slopes, to an open octagon bench, from whence the views are truly elegant. To the right, you look upon a bold shrubby hill, which has an air of grandeur that is striking; to the left, a bend of the river is seen fringed with hanging woods, and above them distant prospects.

Winding from this spot through the grove, we come next to a rustic stone temple, by the side of a basin, with the stump of a *jet d'eau* in the middle of it. It is in a small area, a hollow in the hanging woods, retired, and naturally beautiful.

Advancing a little further, through a winding walk, you come to a grotto, from which the scene is beautifully picturesque. You look aslant upon a natural cascade, which falls in gradual sheets above forty feet, in the midst of hanging woods. It is quite surrounded by the trees, and seems to gush forth by enchantment.

Following the winding course of the walk, we came to Fisher's Hall, a small octagon room, built of a petrified substance; upon a little swelling hill, in the middle of a hollow, surrounded by a vast theatre of hanging woods.

Besides these objects, which partake so much of the sublime, here are others of genuine and native beauty. From one side of this building,

you have a most pleasing landscape, consisting of two cascades, divided by a projecting grove of trees. That to the right pours down from one clift of the rock to the other, for a considerable space, admirably overhung with the spreading branches of the adjoining thick wood, which rises in sweeps around it, gloomy with the brownness of the shade, and contrasting the transparent brightness of the water. The other cascade likewise falls down an irregular bed of rock, but not in such strong breaks as the former: It is seen in the bosom of a fine wood, which fringes a rising hill, upon the top of which is a building elegantly placed.

Winding from this inimitable scene down to the river's side, and following it, you come to a romantic spot under a range of impending rocks, with shrubby wood growing out of their cliffs, and a few goats browzing on their very edges.

These are some of the most beautiful scenes in this delightful place; but the ingenious traveller who carefully surveys Hackfall, will find what we have here said to be but a mere epitome.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

From the LITERARY JOURNAL, a valuable miscellany, published in New-York.

I ENTERED the army at the commencement of the revolution, a humble private soldier; and left it, on the establishment of our independence, a major and a cripple.

I know not whether it was owing to my yankee inquisitiveness, or to any better quality I possessed; but wherever I wandered, I contrived to meet with, or hear more adventures, and obtain a knowledge of more secrets, than any of my comrades. Indeed, I was in the confidence of half my regiment, and was the faithful depositе of many a love affair.

It is the common remark of an old man, that times are changed for the worse, unlike his young days, &c. But these days, when men pursue their daily routine of business or pleasure without interruption, eat in peace, and take their rest in security, are happily different from those when our food was eaten with "each man his staff in his hand, and his loins girded," and when the sleep which nature claimed after days of danger and fatigue, was but the slumber of watchfulness.

These various scenes, the adventures that then befell me, and which I witnessed around me, have filled my memory with recollections, the recording of which has often amused the languid hours of solitary age. It has afforded me some gratification to "fight my battles o'er again;" and should they be deemed worthy of notice, your attention will sometimes be intruded upon by—*the recollections of an old soldier.*

It was a lowering summer day; dark clouds, piled on each other, frowned over the earth, and distant peals of thunder announced the approaching tempest, when Major H——— and Captain Seymor, at the head of a small reconnoitering party from the English camp, found themselves bewildered in a thick wood, without the prospect of a shelter. It was one of those extensive forests with which our country abounds; but paths which intersected it in every direction, indicated that it was often travelled, though the confusion of the roads might well perplex the traveller. Taking the path they thought most likely to lead them to the high road from whence they had wandered, the party hastened on for the space of an hour, when they heard the gushing sound of a water-fall, and presently they stood on the side of a narrow stream, which, after dashing down some high

rocks, murmured away, and was lost in the woods. At any other moment, Major H—— would have paused to taste the lonely beauties of the scene; to mark the contrast between the white foam of the water with the dark moss which spread its velvet covering over the rocks, and inhale the fragrance of the locust, whose white blossoms hung in wreaths over the stream. But he hurried impatiently by, for almost concealed by the trees stood a log house, which, desolate as it appeared, still afforded the hope of shelter.

A thin stream of smoke which rose from the chimney alone, betokened that this miserable abode harboured a human being.

Major H——knocked at the door; but receiving no answer, he burst with his foot the slender fastening. They entered a room which was dark and cheerless; the roof afforded slight protection from the weather, though its many apertures served to light the apartment.

It was not till they had stood a moment in the room, that they perceived a female bending over the ember which warmed the hearth. Her grey hair hung irreverently about her face and neck; her shrivelled frame seemed bent with age or disease, and despair was marked on the wrinkled countenance that met the officers' view,

as she turned to look at them; and hastily averting her head, muttered "murder abroad again!" "Good dame," said Major H——, "will you direct us to the main road." She returned no answer. The officer repeated the inquiry; but the old woman did not appear to notice him. "Damn the old crone," he said, and placing his hand on her shoulder, inquired in no gentle manner, "Woman, do you hear me?" She raised her eyes—the light shone through the crevices of the roof full on the martial form of the officer. The old woman gazed on him, and as the lightnings which flashed around them seemed to illuminate the hut, it revealed her haggard features, agitated by the strongest emotion. She clasped her hands convulsively, and said, "Hear you!—yes—and know you too; what seek you here?—I have never another child." Then apparently yielding to recollections which his form recalled, she busied herself in sweeping the hearth while she muttered, "Make the best room ready, and get it nice dear, for he is the king's officer, and we must honour the king.—What have you done, foolish wench, to make your hands so bloody? Oh, sorrow, sorrow—one's own child too!" She shuddered, and laid her head upon her hands. "The devil take the hag," exclaimed Seymor,

"I will try to get a straight answer, at least." Coming close to her, he put his lips to her ear, and said, in a loud voice, "Beldame, where will this road lead us?" The woman awoke as from a trance, and started on her feet.—"Where?" she said steadily—"to a sudden and bloody end; and you," she continued, pointing with her trembling hands to Major H——, "you, who look strangely on me, man of sin, you will die in sorrow, and the curse of the widow weigh upon you;"—then raising her shrill voice, she sung, without seeming to heed her astonished auditors, what seemed to be the stanzas of some popular song:

Yea! many a youth with heart of pride,
And cheek with glory flushing,
Full low has laid at even tide
While fast the blood was gushing.
Thy arm of strength, and thy sabre bright,
Nought, nought will now avail thee;
Gay gallant! ere fall the dews of night,
The light of life shall fail thee.

"Let us go," said Major H—— hastily, "the howlings of the tempest are not worse than the ravings of a maniac." The officers left the house in silence, and calling to their men, continued the narrow path which led from it. The storm still raged with the utmost violence: a peal of thunder, which caused them involunta-

rily to stop, was followed by a bullet, which, whistling through the trees, lodged itself in the bosom of Major H——; and with the noise of the tempest came the sound of many footsteps. "That treacherous hag!" said Major H——; "It is the enemy. Fly, Seymor, save the men. Do not regard me," he exclaimed, seeing his friend hesitate, "I am dying." Seymor obeyed, and his party, diving into the wood, were soon lost to sight, except one soldier, who would not leave his commander, but endeavoured to hide him with the bushes while he crouched beside him. The American troops marched in sight; but not perceiving the wounded man, passed on. The agonies of his wound, which fear for his comrade's safety, had awhile suspended, now overcame Major H——. "Thompson," he said, perceiving the faithful soldier, "support me to yon hut, inhospitable as it is." The soldier obeyed; but the door was already fastened in some manner so as to resist his efforts to open it. At last a sharp voice asked, who troubled her. "Open the door, if you have any pity—any mercy," implored the soldier. "You have come to the wrong house," said the old woman. "My master is dying," said the man. The door was opened, while she exclaimed, "death is welcome." He laid his fainting burthen on

the bed, and endeavoured to stanch the blood which flowed from the wound. His hostess started when she recognized the features of Major H——, and was silent for some moments. She passed her hand over his brow, and put aside the dark wet locks that shaded it. "Said I not the hour would soon come," she exclaimed—"Disgrace, murder, threatened gallows, branded name—all, all, are avenged." The dying man had writhed under her touch, and now raising his spirits, he said, "Who are you?—how have I injured you?" The old woman opened a door at the foot of the bed, and led in the room a form of exquisite beauty. Every charm united to adorn the face which no ray of sense illumined: there was no expression save the vacant stare and idiotic smile. As her mother led her to the bed, Major H—— knew her, and stretching out his hands, cried in a fearful voice, "Ellen, Ellen!" "Aye," said the mother, "you know your victim." "Oh!" he exclaimed, "for one hour of life to do this injured one justice!" "Justice!" repeated the old woman mournfully, "can you restore her reason or her innocence?" "Cease, woman—torment me not with your reproaches." "Ha!" said the old woman, walking up to the bed, "do you shrink?—you could leave her when she lay at your feet,

and begged of you to stay, even for the love of God and the unborn infant that would be fatherless. You dared to do this—do ye fear to hear of it? You talk of atonement—how? would you give us *gold*, whom you have robbed of peace; gold—to tempt another spoiler?" At that moment Ellen, who had laid her hands on the bleeding breast of her destroyer, and stained them with his blood, held them up, and looked wistfully in her mother's face; who started, and said in a tone of piercing anguish, "Just so she looked when"——"When what," faintly demanded Major H——. "When she murdered her babe," was the abrupt reply. A deep, long-drawn groan from the bed announced that the cord of life was broken.

"For my revenges were bent high upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot."—*Shakespeare.*

It was in the summer of 1780, at the close of a sabbath day, that the inhabitants of a retired farm house in Georgia assembled at their evening repast. The venerable farmer, the widow of his son, and her only daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, comprised the little circle. "I should like," said the old man, "to know where our young soldier is now." Tears and blushes appeared on the countenance of Kate, and when

the mother fervently exclaimed, "God preserve him," she could not restrain her sobs, for it was of her cousin Leonard, her betrothed husband, that they spoke. "Out with your tears, baby face," cried her grandsire, cheerfully, he will come home to you soon, nothing less than a captain. What! would you have him stay at home at such a time; ah! if I felt not the aches of seventy in my limbs, or could I shake from my grey head a score of years, I would not be now sitting in the chimney corner." Kate smiled at her sire's earnestness. She handed him the Bible and his spectacles, and having listened to the evening portion, and joined in the fervent prayer, the peaceful family retired to rest.

The dwelling of John Cammel was situated on the side of a hill, at whose foot ran a deep narrow stream which watered the valley. On the bank of this stream terminated the boundary of the farm, and the vale beyond was mostly a thick wood, where some new settlers had began to clear small portions of the ground. The huts of these people were the only dwellings within some miles of Cammel's house, which was rendered the more retired by the thick shade of the numerous trees which grew around it. It was built in the plain style, most

suitable to a farmer; consisting of one story, divided into the parlour or best room, and three sleeping apartments, where the inmates lodged. The servants belonging immediately to the house, occupied the loft above; while the negroes who tilled the farm had their own cottages on the other side of the hill, nearly two miles from the dwelling. Kate and her mother slept in the back room, whose windows looked on the path which wound along the brow of the hill, as it led to the house. It was midnight, and she had sunk into an uneasy slumber, when she was startled from it by the indistinct sound of smothered voices. Unsuspicious of evil, and unwilling to awake her mother, she rose, and gently opened the window; she leaned out and listened; all was silent, and she saw nothing but the tall trees who stood smiling in the moonlight. She was withdrawing, when she suddenly perceived something gleam among the thick foliage of the old willow, whose branches trailed to the ground. She fixed her eye upon it—the breeze gently waved the leaves, it was a bayonet which glanced in the moon beam. At the same instant she saw one of the negroes running towards the house—"Shut the window," he cried, perceiving her: "the British are here." A mortal wound from a

musket prevented his concluding. Kate had heard enough; she attempted to bar the shutters, but ere she could effect it, she heard the report of a gun, and felt its burning contents in her bosom. Darkness came over her, and for some moments she lay insensible. The fresh air which blew from the window on her face, revived her; she crept to the bed to seek her mother, but it was empty; and the sound of men's footsteps, deep execrations, and horrid mirth, struck her with terror. Amidst the noise and tumult, she distinguished the voice of her faithful nurse, calling from the upper window, and entreating her to come to the loft; "Quick, quick," repeated the woman. Kate rose, and with difficulty walked to the door. It was but to cross the hall, and she would reach the stairs of the garret. She entered the hall, and was hastening through it, when she saw the inanimate body of a man, lying across a chair. Another glance told her that it was her aged parent. She lingered one instant—but that instant decided her fate. The door of the parlour was opened, and an officer, with several soldiers, rushed in the hall. Approaching the affrighted girl, he addressed her in coarse and jeering terms. She sunk on her knees, and attempted to supplicate his mercy; he rudely

grasped her arm, when extreme fear, combining with the agonies of her wound, burst the strings of life, and she expired at his touch. The officer threw her stiffening form from him, with an exclamation of horror, and giving some orders to his men, they quitted the house. But there was one who had been a trembling witness to his brutality; who had marked his countenance, as for a moment he stood with his head uncovered, and had heard the name by which his soldiers addressed him. The old negro, the husband of Kate's nurse, had ventured to descend the stairs to seek the ill-fated girl, and had partly unclosed the door which shut him from the hall, when he beheld her situation, without the power of affording her assistance. He now hastened to raise her, and observing the blood which flowed from her bosom, he called to his wife to aid him in carrying her to the loft. But the volumes of smoke which burst forth from every part of the house, announced that the marauders had finished their dreadful errand. While the nurse supported the cold form of her foster child, the old man stole out to observe the motions of the enemy. They were marching silently up the hill, and the faithful servants, with their lifeless burthen, fearfully descended to the stream, and crossing over a rough bridge,

they followed the narrow path which brought them in safety to the cottage of a young farmer, who readily opened his door to them.

Leonard Cammel had entered the army a private soldier, but his merit soon gained him promotion. He had just received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed, in conjunction with myself, then of the same rank, to conduct an expedition, the plan of which was unfolded to us by Colonel Clarke, our immediate commander. As a mark of favour, Leonard was permitted to stop at Cammel's farm for two hours, to see and converse with his friends. I could not but envy his feelings as I looked on his glowing cheek and sparkling eyes, and joined in his bright anticipations. At length we arrived at the farm, and entered the road which led to the place of Leonard's nativity. As we ascended a high hill, Leonard looked round, and turning pale, said, "I do not see the house." We put the spur to our horses, and another moment brought us before the black and smoking ruin. The house was burnt to the ground, and some of the finest trees had shared its fate. The garden, which even in its desolation seemed to own a woman's taste, was trampled, and its flowers were crushed. A bower, which had been shaded by the white roses of the luxuriant

multiflora, was levelled with the earth; yet the flowers still reared their pale heads, and perfumed the morning air. "This is not the effect of accident," exclaimed Leonard, leaning against a tree, as if stunned by the shock, while the soldiers vented their anger in oaths and threats of vengeance. "Where shall we seek your family?" I inquired? "Not on earth, I fear," answered Leonard; yet the eagerness with which he led the way till we came to the cottage, showed that he still cherished hope. The old nurse was sitting at the entrance of the hut as we approached; at sight of Leonard she wrung her hands, and weeping bitterly, cried, "you have come too late." "Where is Kate and my grandfather?" was Leonard's eager inquiry; and without waiting her answer, he rushed into the house. I followed him, and beheld stretched on the bed the lifeless form of a young female; her white arms were crossed on her bosom—her beautiful features were not only convulsed by the agony of death, but of mortal terror—and her long brown hair, which flowed over her form, was in some places clotted with blood. It was only by speaking of revenge, and urging the imperious calls of duty, that I was enabled to tear the wretched youth from the corpse of his murdered love. Before he de-

parted, he ascertained the name of the officer who had commanded these fiends. I was not surprised when the negro, after detailing the whole scene, mentioned the name of G——. "You will easily know him," he continued, "by a scar, which covers his cheek." "I shall know him," said Leonard, bitterly; and his deportment changed from deep dejection to a fierce and feverish eagerness of manner. We were successful in our errand, and after a few days absence rejoined Colonel Clarke. One morning, as I was sitting alone, Leonard came to my tent, his face lighted up with a joyful, but ferocious expression. Before I could speak, he exclaimed, "have you heard the order; we are to attack fort G——." "Who defends it?" I asked. "Who?" he almost yelled, "Who? G——." Alarmed at his fierceness, I said, "What do you think of, my friend?" Grasping his sword, while his brow crimsoned with rage, he replied, "Of the smoking ruin and stiff corpse that I left behind me." Colonel G—— was obliged to surrender to our superior force. As at the head of his men he walked from the fort between the ranks of his conqueror, a musket ball whistled through the air; it was aimed by an unerring hand, and G—— fell to the ground, a dead man. Although eve-

ry exertion was used, it was never discovered who was the murderer. I dared not question Leonard, but the calm sternness of his countenance spoke of satisfied revenge. Once I ventured to deplore the event as a stain upon our honour. "Would he had died in battle; he trusted to our faith; he was unarmed; to harm him then was faithless and unmerciful." "He showed her no mercy," said Leonard, in a voice which made me shudder.

ANIMATED PORTRAIT OF AFRICAN SERVITUDE.

The untutored African was safely sheltered in his native woods, without fear of any foreign power, till the time of the Portuguese discoveries, a short time after the splendid adventure of Columbus. Vasco de Gama, completed those discoveries by steering round the Cape of Good Hope, and opening to his country the inexhaustible riches of the East. This event produced a revolution that changed the channels of commerce, and poured upon Europe the delicacies and luxuries of the Indus and the Ganges.

The Portuguese first imported the Africans into Europe, and made that miserable nation an article of traffick. They were followed by

the Spanish, and all the commercial nations, for the purpose of supplying with slaves their American colonies. All eagerly engaged in a branch of trade that held out such lucrative profits, as to stifle the feeble voice of compassion, and the unsupported claims of justice. In this manner the discovery of America has proved a most calamitous event to Africa; and has extended the slave trade to such a degree, as to call upon humanity, philosophy, and religion, to combine their exertions to abolish so destructive a custom.

America is the only Christian country where domestic slavery is tolerated in any considerable degree. May it be the glory of the present age to wipe away this reproach from our land. That the condition of the African is meliorated by removing him from his native wilds, to the cultivated fields of America, will appear to be false, upon an examination of the fact. In their own country, before their retreat was discovered by the European merchants, the savages of Africa lived in the exercise of that freedom and independence, which are natural to their state in society, and in the enjoyment of that repose and indolence which resulted from the warmth of their climate, and the fertility of their soil. Though destitute of the security of

a well regulated government, and exposed to all the distresses of frequent wars; yet from their innocence and simplicity of manners, they derived a felicity and tranquillity of mind, which are unknown to their barbarous oppressors, and which, perhaps, fall not so far short of the artificial pleasure of polished life as pride and vanity have pretended. Such was their situation in their own country; let us consider that in which they are placed by the slave trade. In order to realize the subject, let us contemplate the scene which is now taking place on the various parts of the earth. Let us extend our prospect at once to the whole globe, and comprehend in one view, all the miseries of this unhappy people.

From the ports of commercial nations, ships are constantly sailing to Africa, and the merchants at their ease, are coolly calculating the accumulation of wealth which will accrue to them, in proportion to the pain which they inflict on their fellow men.

On their arrival on the coast, the natives are filled with fears and apprehensions of danger. As far through the country as the name of the white people has been heard, so far the alarm is sounded. Actuated by the hopes of gain, many of the natives are induced to engage in the

trade, and become the instruments of reducing their wretched brethren to slavery. They procure by theft or purchase, and sell for a trifling compensation, persons of every age, sex, and condition. When their cargo is completed, the trader frequently closes the business, by detaining and carrying away those very natives who have furnished them with their slaves; a just punishment on them for their barbarity, but which evinces our African traders to be as void of good faith, as they are of humanity. When the traders escape the storms of the ocean, and the vengeance of the African, and arrive in the West-India islands, and those countries where there is a demand for their cargo, the sale of these unfortunate people complete their wretchedness! In distributing them through the plantations, no regard is paid to the tender ties of consanguinity, and the sacred bonds of friendship. They are compelled to undergo a severity of servitude, unparalleled in the annals of mankind. They are doomed, in the burning climes, beneath a meridian sun, to incessant labour and fatigue, when their strength is exhausted, and they totter under their burdens; the lash of the whip quickens them to the last exertion of expiring life. They are denied a sufficient respite from their labours to rest their

weary limbs, and enjoy the necessary relaxation of repose. Their scanty subsistence is insufficient to supply the calls of nature, and satisfy the cravings of hunger. Not only do their unfeeling masters deny them a participation of the fruits of their labour, but they subject them to torture and cruelty, which render life intolerable, and at which humanity shudders. For trivial offences they inflict upon them the most barbarous punishments. In these countries, nothing is more common than the sound of the whip, and the screams and lamentations of the defenceless slaves. When their bodies are gored with wounds, and the blood flows in streams, they are plunged into the ocean, whose salt waves sharpen the pains with the keenest agony. But these people do not always tamely submit to such unprovoked injuries; sometimes the voice of revenge is heard among them. They suddenly rush to arms, and retaliate upon their masters, all the cruelties they have received at their hands. Animated with fury, and hatred, they deal promiscuous destruction on all their foes, and the most horrible scenes of civil war are displayed. Whole families, enjoying the fairest prospects of affluence and happiness, are cut off at a stroke, and swept to the dust. The ignorant insurgents, after a short gratifi-

cation of revenge, are vanquished, and subjected to a repetition of cruelties, beyond the power of language to describe. This unhappy people, exhausted by unremitting fatigue, depressed by the rigour of servitude, and debilitated by the severity of punishment, drag on a melancholy uncomfortable existence, strangers to the pleasures of life. Their only consolation is, that the extreme torments they suffer in this life, remove all apprehensions about a future state, and disarm death of those terrors which make such an impression upon the minds of the rest of mankind. To them the messenger of death is an angel of peace; and they believe they shall have a day of retribution in another existence in their native land. The funeral rites of a slave are performed by his brethren, with every mark of joy and gladness. They accompany the corpse with the sound of musical instruments. They sing their songs, and perform their dances around the grave, and indulge in mirth and pleasantry, upon an occasion which the rest of the human race contemplate with dread and anxiety.

Written just before leaving Berkly Springs.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

'Ere three more days are measur'd by the sun,
Or three revolving nights their circles run ;
To Bath, with all its charms, I bid adieu,
No more perhaps the pleasing scenes to view.
With spirits bland, we form the cheerful ring;
And drink well pleas'd, the health reviving spring ;
Or underneath piazzas view the scene,
Of rocky mountains, fringed with ever-green.
Here browsing sheep their wanted herbage find,
Or court the shades of nature's couch reclin'd ;
Oh ! how shall I regret the morning walk,
The social visit and the friendly talk.
On rural seats, beneath the leafy shades,
For pleasure and for friendly converse made ;
No more these streams, that through the valley play,
And bright reflect the face of cheerful day,
Shall glad my sight, or murmur on my ear,
And steal my mind from sense of future care ;
Or when collected in the Bath, we lave,
And gather strength from the salubrious wave.
All !——all, is o'er,——
But memory, the pensive hour to cheer,
Reverting oft, shall pay her visits here ;

And swift imagination's airy wing,
Those last enjoyments to my mind shall bring.
Enough my fancy, nor impute to these,
What health and friendship gave the power to please.
These the best gifts that heaven does bestow,
Of all its blessings in this vale of wo;
And O! be ever prais'd that hand divine,
That kindly makes these greatest blessings mine.

Reflections on the close of Human Life

BY MR. THOMPSON.

'Tis done. Dread winter spreads his latest glooms, and reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year. How dead the vegetable kingdom lies. How dumb the tuneful. Horror wide extends his desolate domain. Behold, fond man! see here thy pictured life. Pass some few years thy flowering spring; thy sun, thy summer's ardent strength; thy sober autumn fading into age, and pale concluded winter comes at last, and shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled those dreams of greatness; those unsolid hopes of happiness? Those longings after fame; those restless cares; those busy bustling days? Those gay spent festive nights; those veering thoughts, lost between good and ill, that shared thy life, all now are

vanished. Virtue sole survives! Immortal, never failing friend of man. This guide to happiness on high, and see 'tis come. The glorious morn! the second birth of heaven and earth! Awakening nature hears the new creating world, and starts to life in every heightened form, from pain and death for ever free. The great eternal scheme involving all, and in a perfect whole uniting, as the prospects wider spread, to reason's eye refined, clears up apace. Ye vainly wise; ye blind, presumptuous; now confounded in the dust, adore that power and wisdom oft arraigned. See now the cause why unassuming worth, in secret lived and died neglected. Why the good man's share in life was gall and bitterness of soul. Why the lone widow, and her orphans pined in starving solitude; while luxury, in palaces, lay straining her low thought to form unreal wants? Why heaven born truth, and moderation fair, wore the red marks of superstition's scourge. Why licensed pain, that cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe, imbittered all our bliss; ye good, distrest, ye noble few who here unbending stand beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile, and what your bounded view, which only saw a little part, deemed evil, is no more. The storms of wintry time will quickly pass, and one unbounded spring encircle all.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[The following story is selected from Dr. Moore's View of Society and Manners in France. It is one of those sweet and sentimental tales, which while it enriches and adorns the page of the historian, and traveller, has a much more desirable and important effect; that of exciting and invigorating our affections for the whole family of mankind.]

"During Dr. Moore's stay at Paris, the Marquis (a friend of his whose name is not mentioned) invited him to drive somewhere into the country to dine tete-a-tete, and to return in time to the play.

His proposal being acceded to, they proceeded a few miles, when they perceived a young fellow, dressed in an old uniform, sitting under a tree, playing on the violin. As they came nearer, they perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his side. The Marquis accosted him, and asked him where he was going. "To my own village," said the soldier. But my poor friend, resumed the Marquis, you will be a long time before you arrive at your journey's end, if you have no other carriage besides these, pointing to the fragments of his wooden leg—"I wait for my equipage and suit," said the soldier, "and am greatly mistaken if I do not see them this moment coming down the hill."

Looking up, they saw a cart drawn by one horse, in which was a woman and the driver.—Before they came up, the soldier informed them that he had been wounded at Corsica; that his leg had been cut off; that before setting out, he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood, that when he returned, with a wooden leg, all the girl's relations opposed the match. The young woman, however, still remained constant in her affections, and had agreed to accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to set out in a diligence to the town where he was born. The wooden leg had snapped on the way, which obliged his mistress to leave him, and go to the village in quest of a cart, to carry him thither, in order to have the leg renewed. It is a misfortune, concluded the soldier, that will be easily repaired, and see here is my mistress.

The girl sprang from the cart, seized the hand of her lover, stretched out to welcome her, and told him with a smile full of affection, that she had found an admirable carpenter, who had promised to make a leg that would not break. She seemed about twenty years of age, a beautiful, fine shaped brunette, whose countenance indicated sentiment and vivacity. "You must be fatigued my dear," said the Marquis, "One is

never fatigued, said she, when they are serving those they love." The soldier kissed her hand with a gallant and tender air.

"When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man," you see said the Marquis, turning to me, "it is not a leg more or less that will change her sentiments." Nor was it his legs, rejoined Fauchon, which made any impression on my heart. "If they had," said the Marquis, "you would not have been singular in your way of thinking—but *allons*," continued he, addressing himself to me, "this girl is quite charming—her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow—they have but three legs, and we have four—if you have no objection, they shall have the carriage, and we will follow on foot to the next village, to see what can be done for these lovers." I never agreed to a proposal with more pleasure in my life. The soldier began to make difficulties about entering the carriage. "Let us mount," said the girl, "since these gentlemen insist on doing us so much honour."

"A girl like you would do honour to the finest coach in France. Nothing would please me more than to have it in my power to make you happy," said the Marquis. "Leave that to me," said the soldier. "I am as happy as a queen," said Fauchon.

"You see how happy the French people are," said the Marquis, as they were driving off. But, answered I, "how long will it last with these poor creatures?" Ah! said he, "that reflection is like an Englishman's. I cannot tell how long their happiness will last, neither do I know how long you or I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be sorrowful through life, because we do not know how soon misfortunes may come, and because we are quite certain that death must come at last."

When we overtook them at the inn, and had ordered them some refreshment, "pray," said I to the soldier, "how do you purpose to maintain yourself and wife?" "One, who has contrived to live five years on soldier's pay," replied he, "can have little difficulty for the rest of his life. I can play tolerable well on the fiddle, and perhaps there is no village in all France of the size, where there are so many marriages as that in which we are going to settle. I shall never want employment."

"And I," said Fauchon, "can weave hair nets and silk purses, and mend stockings. Besides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and though he is very brutal, and connected with a person in power, we shall make him pay every sous." "And I," said the soldier

"have fifteen livres in my pocket; besides two louis d'ors, that I lent to a poor farmer, to enable him to discharge his taxes, and which he will repay me when he is able."

"You see sir," said Fauchon to me, "that we are not quite objects of compassion. May we not be happy my good friend," turning to her lover, with a look of exquisite tenderness, "if it be not our own fault." "If you are not, my sweet girl, said the soldier with emotion, "I shall have much to lament."

I never felt a more charming sensation. The tear stood in the Marquis's eye. "Faith," said he, "this is a crying comedy." Then turning to Fauchon, "come hither my dear," said he, "till such time as you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis d'ors accept of this from me," putting a purse of gold into her hand. "I hope you will continue to love your husband, and to be loved by him. Let me know from time to time, how you go on, and how I can serve you. This will inform you of my name and residence; but if ever you do me the pleasure of calling at my house, in Paris, be sure to bring your husband along with you; for I would not wish to esteem you less, nor love you more than I do at this moment."

"Heaven bless you both, my good friends," said the Marquis; "may he never know what happiness is, who attempts to interrupt yours. It shall be my business to find out some employment for you, my fellow soldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle. In the mean time, stay here, till a coach comes, which shall bring you both, this night to Paris, my servant shall provide lodgings for you, and the best surgeon for wooden legs that can be found. When you are properly equipped, let me see you, before you go home."

MRS. L——.

[The preceding narrative forms an impressive contrast to the following sketch. In the one case, we find that poverty, in humble life, connected with virtuous principles, may constitute domestic happiness; while in the other, wealth and family distinction have no influence to produce the same effect, when one of the parties becomes devoted to vicious habits.] *The Editor.*

Mrs. L——, the interesting author and the subject of the following pieces, was a native of Philadelphia, of highly respectable connexions. At the early age of sixteen, she was married to a man of respectable family and large fortune, of this city. A very short acquaintance previous to their union justified the belief, that he

was an offer too eligible to be rejected. A strong sense of duty, and a fervent desire to promote the happiness of others were among the ruling characteristics of her mind. Innocent of guile, and of the most amiable dispositions, she knew not, nor anticipated the opposites in human nature. It was therefore more an act of obedience to parental anxiety, for the temporal welfare of their lovely daughter, than what is generally deemed love, that led to the disposal of her hand. In the course of two years after her marriage, she had to bewail the death of both her parents, an only sister, having no brother, and an affectionate mother-in-law, with whom she lived in much harmony. But the decisive blow to her earthly happiness was the death of her only child, a lovely and promising boy, of three years old, whose opening charms and affecting endearments, promised a recompense for the sorrows she was doomed to endure. Her gentle nature sunk under the overwhelming tide of this afflicting dispensation. 'Twas more than her exquisitely feeling heart could recover from. She looked around and saw nothing in this life, to sustain her under the accumulated anguish allotted her. She was naturally of a pious frame of mind, and she now looked up to her heavenly Father, whose wisdom and

whose mercy she could never arraign. The healing balm of pure religion gave a placid, an humble resignation, and she appeared almost seraphic; but her health declined, and she was in a few months convinced that her course was nearly finished. She looked forward with the brightest hopes, with the most perfect confidence, to that promised state, where tears and sorrow are no more, and trusted she should rejoin the angel she had lost. In the twenty-fourth year of her age: this lovely, accomplished and most estimable woman departed this life, leaving no superior behind her; few equals in the rich and varied graces of the mind and heart. Never can the writer of this forget her gentle virtues, nor the delight found in her friendship. *The Editor.*

PIOUS EFFUSION—BY MRS. L——.

Saviour of sinners! hear thy creature's prayer,
And soothe a mind opprest with every care;
Oh! let thy Word sustain my bleeding breast,
And calm the tumults of my soul to rest.
May I, submissive, kiss the chast'ning rod,
And, though in agonies adore my God,
When the world frowns, and wo to wo succeeds,
When folly triumphs, and when virtue bleeds,

Let not my soul despond, but fix'd on thee,
Pursue the prize of blest eternity.
Firm to that view let me superior rise,
To all the ills of life, and claim the skies.
Oh! may that gall, which to my God was giv'n,
Vanquish the world, and raise my soul to heav'n;
And when death o'er me waves his potent wand,
Oh! may I join the great celestial band;
To all eternity to sing thy praise,
And know no end of happiness or days.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. C—— L——.

Written in 1788.

'Tis finish'd, the sad toil is o'er,
Sickness and sorrow wound no more,
Nor pining cares molest;
From all which wrung the bitter tear,
Which mark'd the path of suff'ring here,
The happy soul has rest.

Though strew'd with tears the path she trod,
With faith and hope her bosom glow'd,
And panted for the skies;
Now burst from all the bonds of clay,
Triumphant glories gild the way,
Where the pure spirit flies.

O! form'd to shew the thoughtless fair,
How far above each trifling care,
The immortal mind should soar;
To teach them while bright fortune's day,
And youth, and beauty, gild their way,
The soul should rise to more.

'Twas her's with manners mild, refin'd,
Superior sense and sweetness join'd,
To win affection's smile;
To lure to blest Religion's sway,
And by her pure celestial ray,
Adversity beguile.

Ah! why subdu'd the exalted mind,
The sphere of usefulness confin'd,
And crush'd its noblest aim;
To know why thus thy sacred will,
O! thou, who rulest in wisdom still,
We drop our baffled claim.

O! long belov'd, in sorrow dear,
While friendship sheds the tender tear,
And breathes the parting sigh;
May faith the ardent hope still give,
Like thee, fair excellence to live,
Like thee in peace to die.

ELEGY *on Mr.* FRANCIS GRANT, *who was lost at sea, in the year* 1782.

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of oceans bear.—GRAY.

If modest worth with cool reflection crown'd,
And every blooming virtue open'ning round;
If gentlest manners and each winning grace
That paints the heart ingenious in the face;
If wisdom's gem, attained in early youth,
To deck a soul, the spotless shrine of truth,
Benignly social when each virtue glows,
The science cultures or what heaven bestows.
If merit that demands an angel's tongue,
By death laid protrate e'er was wept or sung,
Claims the sad verse, and calls the gushing tear;
The plaintive verse, the gushing tear shall flow,
Where love with friendship in commutual wo,
Distressful images of anguish blend,
And mourn the son, the brother, and the friend.
Ah! why, ye powers, such poignant griefs impart,
Why so accutely pierce a parent's heart;
Why snatch the pledge of hope that propt their age,
And thus fulfil each agoniz'd presage?
Why with such woes invade a sister's breast?
Why plant such daggers in each friendly breast?
Oh! fond idea of the lovely youth,
His form persuasive, gentleness and truth.

Ah! friend of all; beloved, lamented shade,
Accept this tribute to thy mem'ry paid;
And tho' no sculptur'd monumental bust,
Can mark the dear deposite of thy dust;
Around thy grave, no vernal flowrets bloom,
Nor yew nor cypress decorate thy tomb,
Yet shall the muse along the Atlantic shore,
Bewail our sorrows, and thy death deplore.
There weeping Neriedes guard the coral bed,
And rear the grotto that sustains thy head;
There mourning friendship shall indulge her gloom,
There pale affliction deck the ideal tomb.
Compassion there shall melt in silent wo,
And softest sympathy for ever flow;
There love, exhaustless pour the unceasing moan,
And all the Virtues weep their darling son.

To a Lady, sent with a present of shells and stones, designed for a grotto.

With gifts like these, the spoil of neighbouring shores,
The Indian swain his sable love adores,
Offerings well suited to the dusky shrine
Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine.

And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,
If nicely viewed by philosophic eyes;
And such are yours that nature's works admire,
With warmth like that which they themselves
inspire.
To such, how fair appears each grain of sand,
Or humblest weed, as wrought by nature's hand,
How far superior to all human power
Springs the green blade or buds the painted
flower;
In all her births, though of the meanest kinds,
A just observer entertainment finds.
With fond delight her low production sees,
And how she gently rises by degrees:
A shell or stone he can with pleasure view,
Hence trace her noblest works, the heavens—
and you.
Behold how bright these gaudy trifles shine,
The lovely sportings of a hand divine,
See with what art each curious shell is made,
Here carv'd in fret work, there with pearl inlaid,
What vivid streaks the enamell'd stones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn;
Yet still not half their charms can reach our
eyes,
While thus confus'd the sparkling chaos lies;
Doubly they'll please when in your grotto plac'd,
They plainly speak the fair disposer's taste,

Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,
New order from your hands, new lustre from
your eyes.
How sweet, how charming will appear this
grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought;
Here verdant plants and blooming flowers will
grow;
Here bubbling currents thro' the shell work flow.
Here coral mix'd with shells of various dies;
There polish'd stone will charm our wondering
eyes.
Delightful bower of bliss—secure retreat,
Fit for the muses and Statira's seat.
But still how good must be that fair one's mind,
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find;
The muse her company, good sense her guide,
Resistless charms her power, but not her pride.
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, the play;
In silent shades to pass her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air,
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair;
And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of Farinelli's voice;
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
To consorts, balls, assemblies, and quadrill;

Sweet bowers more pleased, than gilded chariot sees,
For groves the play house quits, and beaux for trees.
Blest is the man whom heaven shall grant one hour,
With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bower.

ODE—BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL CHASE BARNEY.

SWEET Innocent! and can we mourn for thee?
Thus early shelter'd from life's whelming main!
Oh can we mourn—thy ardent spirit free
From every soil of vice, or throb of pain!

Snatch'd from a world where varied ills molest,
Where luring vice, with dread delusion charms!
Called to the mansions of eternal rest,
The holy refuge of the Saviour's arms.

Oh no! we would not call thee from thy God,
Tho' memory bleeds, and fond affection weeps,
And bends with anguish o'er the lonely sod,
Where wrapt in chilling death the cherub sleeps.

With angel voice, methinks I hear thee say,
"My lovely Mother! dry thy streaming eyes;
"Mourn thou no longer o'er the fading clay,
"My ransom'd spirit lives—beyond the skies!

"Soon shall we meet above the tempest's roar,
"Above each terror which the soul alarms,
"Meet in the world where chance or death no more,
"Shall tear me from my mother's faithful arms."

BALTIMORE, August 26th, 1819.

Addressed to Miss Eliza C——, on the death of her Brother, who was killed at the battle of Miami, in 1792.

BY DR. DRYSDALE.

Pardon, dear maid, the efforts of my strain,
That strive to soothe the influence of pain,
And lull those sorrows which your bosom rend,
And mourn the blasted virtues of a friend.
Long have I hop'd that lenient time's controul,
Might calm the swelling tumults of thy soul;
But still harsh sorrow rankles in thy breast,
Reigns uncontrol'd, and spurns the balm of rest.
No more thy virtuous bosom loves to glide,
Where placid ease and smiling peace reside;
But in dark melancholy's veil enshrin'd,
Spurns all the gaudy pageant of mankind;
Broods o'er the glorious memory of a friend,
And ever mourns a brother's hapless end;
In whom each bright and social power combin'd,
Each bosom charm'd, and every breast refin'd.
Comfort to other bosoms heaven bestows,
But thine, dear maid, no consolation knows;
We mourn his fate, our sighs ascend to heav'n,
Still thou art left, this cheering bliss is given;
Still all his charms, his virtues all survive,
Glow in thy breast, and in thy actions live;
Yes, dearest shade, thy splendid charms remain,
And bloom in virtue's—in Eliza's train.

Then, dear Eliza, cease to weep, ah cease,
And fan thy bosom with the breath of peace;
Thy tears as o'er a brother cease to shed,
And smiling, view him as a hero dead;
In honour fallen—with the cypress crown'd,
While plaintive glory tells his worth around;
A brother's blissful shade bids thee refrain,
To mourn and nourish ever gnawing pain;
Bids thee each vain and plaintive care to cease,
And smile to think his soul resides in peace.
His country call'd, and honour fir'd his soul;
What glorious breast can honor's call controul;
Tho' all around by gloomiest horrors hemm'd,
Forward he plung'd, and every danger stemm'd;
The stern terrific fronts of savage foes,
Inflict no panic where true virtue glows;
Onward he rush'd amid the embattled crowd,
My son has fallen—Glory cried aloud.
Oh! Nature weep; Eliza, let each sound,
Of torturing sorrow from thy breast rebound;
A brother's fate, a hero's fall bewail,
And weep till sorrow's lavish sources fail;
And will they fail—while memory can blend
The woes, and virtues of a fallen friend?
But whither strays my pen, ah, heartfelt pain,
Cannot from melancholy's call refrain;
Our feeble bosoms vainly strive to impart,
The bliss of comfort to the aching heart,

When wo her empire in ourselves extends,
And bids us feel the misery of our friends.
Adieu, dear maid; my feeble pen would fain
Some comfort give, but my attempt is vain;
But still receive it as a tribute due
My friend—a friend and brother dear to you.

ITALY AND AMERICA.

The young American, under the bright skies of Italy, and encompassed by the dazzling achievements of art, often sickens at the depravity and misery of man, and languishes for his native home. His imagination presents to him its untrodden wilds, its waste fertility, as an image of man, unsophisticated by artificial society. He contrasts the youthful governments of America, which have grown up unfashioned by the hand of hoary-headed prejudice, with those of Italy, fabricated by despotism and superstition. If America can boast no stately palaces, no monuments of ancient grandeur; she is exempt from the miseries which follow in the train of arbitrary power. If no ancient fortresses, no ruined convents, crown the tops of its hills, or frown upon the summits of its mountains; it is because the peaceful vales beneath,

have never owned the sway of feudal or monastic tyrants. These are inestimable blessings, and incomparably of more value than that empty but fatal splendour, for which the price of liberty and happiness must be paid. Independently of the sacred attachment which must indissolubly bind the heart of every American to the moral and political institution of his own country, it possesses attractions which cannot be diminished by the longest residence in the most favored climes in Europe.

SLOANE'S RAMBLES.

THE INSTITUTE.

Mr. Thomas Raffles, during his stay in Paris, mentions a visit he made to the INSTITUTE, in the summer of 1817. Baron Humboldt, the famous traveller of the Andes, presented on that day, the last part of his work on equinoctial plants. He is a plain man, mild and amiable in his appearance, with more of the English farmer about him, than of the traveller, or the peer. He says, there were seventy or eighty members present; it was an interesting, but affecting scene; perhaps I had never witnessed a greater concentration of talent than appeared in that room. But alas! to what was it all devot-

ed, and to what results had the cultivation and employment of it in the various departments of literature and science conducted its possessors? Most, may be, all of them, had discovered that the Bible was a forgery, and some that creation was the work of chance. Here are the wise and the learned! thought I; but what pitiable beings they are without a revelation, and without a God. The village sabbath school is a nobler scene by far. I could imagine that if angels wept, their tears would flow in pity for the one, while they gaze upon the other with smiles of joy. For in the sabbath school, that knowledge is pursued, which makes its humblest possessor wise unto salvation. But in the Institute of France, their pride of learning makes them fools; and by their wisdom they know not God.

I felt no inclination to visit Turney, the residence of Voltaire. When I consider the pestilential influence of his character, and writings, and the infernal element and diabolical spirit which compose and animate them, my heart sickens at the mention of his name, and I should have shuddered to enter a dwelling once inhabited by the bitterest and most malignant enemy of the Redeemer, that ever perhaps appeared in a human form.

T. RAFFLES.

BOOKS.

The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent companions of pure thoughts, and innocent hours, become in the time of adversity. When all that is worldly, turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and common place, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship that never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow.

SKETCH BOOK.

CLARISSA.

Never were characters so well drawn, discriminated and supported, as those in "Clarissa," her own in particular. Never was any thing so uniformly consistent, so raised above common characters, and yet so judiciously kept within the bounds of nature and probability. I know very well there are those who from a very indelicate species of delicacy, object to the conduct of the story in certain instances. Those who can, in the midst of such distress as hers, withdraw their minds from contem-

plating the trials of a suffering angel, to pollute their imaginations, are very unworthy, indeed, to be admitted into even the ideal presence of a Clarissa. I know not any criterion by which I should be readier to judge and try any one's character and taste, than by observing with what degree of interest and feeling, they survey this correct drawing from nature. You can't think with what scorn I listen to little misses and little masters, who tell us in parrot phrase; no body reads Clarissa now; people now think it languid and tedious. Just as if the effect of good sense, wit, humour, pathos, and in short, pure Christianity, could vary with the hour, like fleeting modes and manners, ranting tragedies, written while rant was fashionable, or vile comedies, where wit and talents are lavished in painting manners, which happily no longer exist. These I say, may go out of fashion, but truth is immutable, and nature, if you will bear a quibble, has invariably the self same variations. Who then would affect to despise a clue that leads through all intricacies, to her inmost recesses, because the thread of which it is composed is very fine, very long, and artfully twined of many filaments. The means are proportioned to the end. The story no doubt unfolds slowly, yet every sentence answers the great end of bringing the actors in the scene

so immediately before your eyes, that you seem to have known and lived with them. The approach is long, but it is to a noble object; and the avenue is planted with such endless variety of flowers, both pleasing and useful, that you must be dull and incurious, indeed, if you stop and linger by the way. I know nothing out of the volume of inspiration, equal to the death-bed of Clarissa. I feel the effect always new, wrapped in the delusion of this overpowering fiction. I have dreamed as the patriarch did at Luz, that I saw angels ascending and descending. Generally in every story real or fictitious, the interest ceases with the life of the hero or heroine. But in this instance we hover over the vault, and trace every circumstance relating to the departed saint with fond veneration.

MRS. GRANT'S LETTERS.

It requires a soul at once pious and tranquil, to derive unalloyed enjoyment from the beauties of nature. Their language is silent and vague, but infinitely more elegant than the vain arguments of our understanding. They proclaim the existence of a Creator, a Supreme Ruler, and a Judge. They convince us of the littleness of all human things, which naturally

appear to us to be so important. Were the ambitious man compelled to go every night to contemplate a firmament studded with stars, and the rising sun every morning, he would be cured of his ambition.

MADAME GENLIS.

Cicero, speaking of the pleasures of the mind, says, "they employ us in youth, and amuse us in old age; in prosperity they grace and embellish, in adversity they afford us shelter and support; delightful at home, and easy abroad, they soften slumber, shorten fatigue, and enliven retirement.

A moral reflection by Rollin.

How great and noble it is, to forget and pardon injuries, and what a meanness of soul there is in the resentment of the revengeful.

Lord Chatham, in his celebrated speech of the 20th of January, 1775, says, "that in contemplating the dignity, the firmness and wisdom of the American Congress, he admired the

patriotism of Greece and Rome: and that in his opinion all attempts to impose servitude upon such men: to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation must be vain, must be futile."

TO A LADY IN TOWN, SOON AFTER HER LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

Whilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain;
The cooling breeze, and every walk forsake,
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Though circling joys, awhile incessant play,
Charm in the Mall and sparkle at the play,
Think—if successive vanities can spare
One thought to love, what cruel pangs I bear;
Left in these plains all wretched and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echoes groan,
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,
That all my bliss with Chloe snatch'd away.
Say, by what arts can I relieve my pain?
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Like the companion of my Chloe's voice,

Nor Handel's, nor Corelli's tuneful airs,
Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares.
Those once lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove;
Music, alas! is but the voice of love.
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,
And seek for aid from Pope's and Prior's muse;
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,
And call forth scenes of sympathising woe.
Here Heloisa mourns her absent lover's charms,
There panting Emma sighs in Henry's arms;
Their love's like mine, ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender sorrows read my own.
Restless, sometimes, as oft the mournful dove,
Forsakes her nest, forsaken by her love.
I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields,
Where Cam's old urn its silver current yields;
Where solemn towers o'erlook each massy grove,
As if to guard it from the assault of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my Chloe's eyes,
But lately made whole colleges her prize.
Her sons, tho' few, not Pallas could defend,
Nor dullness succour to her thousand lend,
At fam'd Newmarket oft I spend the day,
An unconcern'd spectator of the play;
There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir,
With anger fir'd, or melting with despair.
For how should I his trivial loss bemoan,
Who feel, so much, one greater of my own.

There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the division of two rival dice;
While long disputes 'twixt seven and five remain,
And each like party have their friends to gain.
Without one wish, I see the guineas shine,
Fate keep your gold, I cry, make Chloe mine.
Now see prepared their utmost speed to try,
O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly;
Now more and more their slender limbs they train,
And foaming, stretch along the velvet plain.
Ah stay! swift steeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's smarting lash obey;
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain,
Then swift as eagle's cut the yielding air,
Bear me, Oh bear me, to the distant fair.
Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,
And cheerful sun-beams gild the beautious scene;
Pensive o'er all the neighbouring fields I stray,
Where'er or choice or chance directs the way.
Or view the opening lawns or private woods,
Or distant bluish hills or silver floods;
Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,
Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:
Dull sports! for oh! my Chloe is not there.
Fatigu'd, at length I willingly retire,
To a small study and a cheerful fire,

There o'er some folio pore: I pore 'tis true,
But oh! my thoughts are fled, and fled to you.
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize.
Here for a while I could forget my pain,
Whilst I by dear reflection live again.
But oh! these joys are too sublime to last,
And quickly fade like all the real ones past;
For just when now beneath some silent shade,
I hear you talk, and talk perhaps of love:
Or charm, with thrilling notes the listening ear,
Sweet as angels sing, or angels hear—
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The Book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched and alone.
So when glad Orpheus from the infernal shade,
Had just recall'd his long lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

EDMUND BURKE

Was endowed by nature in a most extraordinary degree, with that *combination* of powers which constitute genius: an understanding, rapidly penetrating, energetic, comprehensive and profound; a memory, quick, retentive, and

capacious: a fancy, vivid, versatile, rapid, and forcible. Art and discipline improved these powers, and furnished them with ample materials. Those who have particularly considered the operations of Burke's genius, have supposed his fancy to have predominated; but a more thorough acquaintance with his mental operations would convince them, that, though his fancy ranges through every region of knowledge, and soars to every height of science for amusement, embellishment, allusion, or analogy, yet reason is the faculty that presides in his intellectual process.

MR. COLLINS

Had skill to complain of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstanees peculiar to the objeot, as awake the influence of pity, and while from his own great sensibility he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

Sussex, in which county, the Avon is a small river, had the honor of giving birth to Otway,

as well as to Collins. Both of these poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity, by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius and in their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes and the dissipation of their lives, and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

DR. BEATTIE TO MRS. MONTAGUE.

My journey was very pleasant. The weather was uncommonly fine, and the gay harvest scenes that every where surrounded me, conveyed such ideas of vivacity and gladness, as could not fail to have the happiest effect on my health and spirits. I was much recovered before I got into Yorkshire, where I passed ten delightful days, and then resumed my journey, and arrived here the day before yesterday. Most of my friends being gone to the country, I can have no temptation to remain long in Edinburgh, and am just on the eve of my departure for Aberdeen and Peterhead, from which last place I shall have the honor to write to you, as soon as I have had a conversation with Mrs. Arbuthnot; I am impatient to make the widow's heart sing for joy, in the contemplation of your *goodness*.

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

In order to understand the allusion to Mrs. Arbuthnot, in Dr. Beattie's letters, it is proper to mention, that, the worthy woman to whom Mrs. Montague thus extended her beneficence, was a Mrs. Arbuthnot, whose maiden name was Ann Hepburn, daughter of the rev. Mr. Hepburn, a minister of the Episcopal church of Scotland.

She inherited from nature no inconsiderable portion of genius, and had enjoyed the benefit of a literary education. She was married in the year 1737, when twenty-eight, to capt. Andrew Arbuthnot. He was master of a vessel that sailed from Peterhead to America, and during one of his voyages, died of a fever at Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1740. To add to this calamity, while the mate who brought home the vessel to Peterhead had come on shore to communicate to her the sad tidings of her husband's death, by some accident, was wrecked in the bay, and in her, the whole of the captain's property was lost. Thus in one hour, she found herself deprived of an affectionate husband, and left totally destitute, with the charge of a child, a boy about a year old. After this dire calamity she struggled hard to maintain herself and son by her labour,

and the secret kindness of her friends who, fearful of wounding her feelings, contrived to assist her without letting her know from whence it came. To fill up the measure of her misfortunes, her son, whom she had used every effort to educate at the University of Aberdeen, and who by the interest of some of his father's relations, had obtained a commission in the army, in which he served with reputation, died at an early age in the West-Indies, at a period when he had the prospect of future promotion, by which he might have been able to contribute to his mother, more comfortable subsistence. Thus bereft of every consolation except what she derived from religion, and the soothing tenderness of her friend, she continued contentedly to strive with virtuous poverty during the whole course of her long widowhood. While Mrs. Arbuthnot had resided for a short time at Aberdeen, during the period of her son's education, she had become known to the late Dr. John Gregory, to Dr. Beattie, and several of the eminent literary characters of that time, who esteemed her for her taste in books, and respected her by reason of her virtues and exemplary piety; Dr. Beattie in particular, contracted an intimate friendship with Mrs. Arbuthnot, with whom he constantly lodged, during his annual visits to Peterhead. In her house he enjoyed tranquility, and perfect

freedom, and when he was disposed for conversation, he had always the benefit of Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whose cultivated understanding, and pious frame of mind, were exactly suited to his taste. To her opinions he generally submitted his literary productions before their publication, and he used to say, that he seldom found her mistaken in her judgment of their merit. On representing her situation to Mrs. Montague, that lady was pleased to settle on her an annuity, which raised the poor, but grateful woman from her contented poverty, to a state of comparative affluence; Mrs. Arbuthnot died at the advanced age of eighty-six, May 15, 1795.

DR. BEATTIE TO MRS. MONTAGUE.

I arrived at Peterhead the first of October, and went instantly to Mrs. Arbuthnot, whom I found in tolerable health, setting solitary by her little fire, and amusing herself with her book and work, both of which she has the art of attending to at the same time. She was the more pleased to see me as my arrival was unexpected, for she had not heard that I had returned to Scotland. After she had asked all the customary questions, I told her, without betraying any emotion, or seeming to have any thing in view but her amusement, that if she was a

leisure I would tell her a story. I accordingly began, and agreeably to the commission with which you honoured me, made a very long and circumstantial story of it; recapitulating, as far as my memory would enable me, every thing that had passed in that conversation at Sandleford, of which she and her aunt Mrs. Cokeburn were the subject. I saw she was greatly affected with the idea of your thinking so favorably of her aunt, and with your condescension in inquiring so minutely into her story and character; but I did not throw out a single hint that could lead her to anticipate what was to follow. At last when I found that her heart was thoroughly warmed, and recollected your observation, that the human heart in that state becomes malleable, I hastened to the conclusion, which I expressed in the simplest and fewest words possible, so that the whole struck her at once, and the same instant. She attempted an exclamation, but it was inarticulate, and almost resembled a scream. The tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, and she could only say, "oh dear, I cannot speak one word," and seemed almost exhausted with the effort that had produced that short sentence. I desired her not to attempt to speak, but to hear me further, and then told her, madam, that such acts of beneficence were familiar things to you,

and mentioned some instances that had come to my knowledge, particularly that of Mrs. Williams; she held up her eyes and hands some time, in silent adoration of Providence, and sometimes with the most passionate expressions of gratitude to her noble benefactress. In a word madam, she accepted your bounty, in a manner that did honour both to her understanding and to her feelings, and I left her to compose herself by silent meditation; indeed I made haste to get away after I had executed my commission, for the scene was so delightfully affecting, that I could stand it no longer.

When the news was known next day, in the town, it diffused a very general joy, and many an honest heart invoked the blessing of heaven upon your head: for Mrs. Arbuthnot's character is exceedingly respected by all who know her, and her narrow circumstances have long been matter of general regret; for since her husband's death, which happened four and forty years ago, I know not whether she was, at any time, worth ten pounds a year; with this slender pittance, she has constantly maintained the appearance of a gentlewoman, and has received the visits of the best people in the town and neighbourhood, whom she was always happy to entertain with a dish of tea, and among her visitors can reckon, the present duchess of

Gordon, the countess of Errol, Lord Saltoun's family, Sir William Forbes, and many others of the best fashion; and what is yet more strange, with this small appointment, she has always found means to be charitable to the poor, and when I have seen her dealing out her alms, which was commonly a handful of oat-meal to each person, I know not how often she has put me in mind of the widow in the gospel.

I am afraid Mrs. Arbuthnot will not long stand in need of your bounty: for she is seventy-six years of age, and suffers very much from a cough and asthma. I was introduced to her about twenty years ago, by her nephew Mr. Arbuthnot of Edinburgh, and have since been as attentive to her as I could; of which she is so sensible, that sometimes in the extravagance of her gratitude she has called me her good genius;

TO A ROSE-BUD.

By a Gentleman of the District of Columbia.

Ah why so tardy, timid Rose,
  Thy op'ning beauties to display?
Ah why, within their mossy cell,
  So long thy timid petals stay?

Full many a morn and many an eve,
Thy gently swelling bud I've seen,
And fondly strove with many a kiss,
To wake thee from thy bed so green.

When scarcely form'd you first appear'd,
I marked thee with a lover's eye,
And doom'd thee to an envied fate,
On Delia's breast to live and die.

Spring's glad'ning smiles now gilds the plain,
And chases winter's frowns away,
To thee, O Rose, she fondly calls,
And pours on thee her warmest ray.

Already doth her glad'ning smile,
My Delia's glowing beauties grace,
Already hath her pencil bright,
Ting'd with its radiant hue her face.

With that same hue, O happy Rose,
She longs thy velvet leaves to tip,
And breathe on them the same perfume,
She breath'd on Delia's dewy lip.

Near thee the lately waken'd bees,
To taste thy sweets impatient stay,
With me thy promised bloom they wait,
And wonder at thy long delay.

Then haste, and when with anxious step,
Thy growth, to mark, I next shall walk,
Then let me see thy blushing head,
Bend with its dewy weight thy stalk.

ADVICE OF A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER,

On the duties of a wife.

Before this can reach you, the hand that writes it, and the heart that dictates, shall be mouldering in the grave. I mean it to supply the place of some cautions, which I should think it my duty to deliver to you, should I live to see you a wife. The precepts it contains you have often heard me inculcate, but I know, that general observations on a possible event, have much less force than those which apply to our immediate condition.

In the fate of a woman, marriage is the most important crisis. It fixes her in a state of all others, the most happy or most wretched; and though mere precept can do little, yet there is a natural propensity to try its efficacy. She who writes this paper has been long a wife and a mother; the experience of one, and the anxiety of the other, prompt her instructions,

and she has been too happy in both characters, to have much doubt of their truth, or fear of their reception.

Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct; if he loves you as you wish he should, he would bleed at the heart, should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he does not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering. Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him; the great articles of duty he will set down as his own, but the lesser attentions he will mark as favors; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning those little things to so precious a use. If you marry a man of a

certain sort, such as the romance of young minds generally paints for a husband, you will deride the supposition of any decrease in the ardour of your affections. But wedlock even in its happiest lot is not exempted from the common fate of all sublunary blessings. There is even a delusion in hope which cannot abide with possession; the rapture of extravagant love will evaporate and waste; the conduct of the wife must substitute in its room other regards, as delicate, and more lasting. I say the conduct of the wife for marriage, be a husband what he may, reverses the prerogative of sex. His will expect to be pleased, and ours must be sedulous to please. This privilege a good-natured man may wave, he will feel it however due, and third persons will have penetration enough to see, and may have malice enough to remark the want of it in his wife; he must be a husband unworthy of you who could bear the degradation of suffering this in silence. The idea of power, on either side, should be totally banished from the system. It is not sufficient that the husband should never have occasion to regret the want of it: the wife must so behave that he may never be conscious of possessing it. But my Julia, if a mother's fondness deceive me not, stands not in need of cautions like these:

I cannot allow myself the idea of her wedding a man, on whom she would not wish to be dependant, or whose inclinations a temper like her's would desire to control. She will be more in danger from that softness, that sensibility of soul, which will yield perhaps too much for the happiness of both. The office of a wife includes the exertion of a friend: a good one must frequently strengthen and support that weakness, which a bad one would endeavour to overcome; there are situations, where it will not be enough to love, to cherish, to obey; she must teach her husband to be at peace with himself, to be reconciled to the world, to resist misfortune, to conquer adversity. Alas! my child, I am here an instructress, but too well skilled: these tears with which this paper is soiled, fell not in the presence of your *father*, though now they but trace the remembrance of what then it was my lot to feel. Think it not impossible to restrain your feelings because they are strong; the enthusiasm of feeling will sometimes overcome distresses, which the cold heart of prudence had been unable to endure. But misfortune is not always misery; I have known this truth, and am proud to believe that I have sometimes taught it to Roubigné. Thanks be to that power whose decrees I reverence, he often tem-

pered the anguish of our sufferings, till there was a sort of luxury in feeling them. Then is the triumph of wedded love. The tie that links the happy may be dear, but that which binds the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable. There are afflictions less easy to be endured, which your mother has not experienced: those which a husband inflicts, and the best wives feel most severely; these like our sharpest calamities, the fortitude that resists can only cure. Complainings debase her who suffers, and harden him who aggrieves. Let not a woman always look for their cause in the injustice of her lord; they may proceed from many trifling errors in her own conduct, which virtue cannot blame, though wisdom must regret. If she makes this discovery, let them be amended without a thought, if possible: at any rate without an expression of merit in amending them. In this as in every instance it must never be forgotten, that the only government allowed on our side, is that of gentleness and attraction, and that its power, like the fabled influence of imaginary beings, must be invisible, to be complete.

Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others, any want of duty or tenderness she may have discovered in her husband. This

untwists at once those delicate cords, which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement; its sacredness is forever broken, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes. It may seem almost profane in me to confess, that once when through the malice of an enemy I was made to believe my Roubigné had wronged me, I durst not, even in my prayers, petition for a restoration of his love. I prayed to be made a better wife, when I would have said a more beloved one, my utterance failed me. MACKENZIE.

PURSUITS OF LIFE.

It is difficult to be attached to the common objects of human pursuit without feeling the sordid or the troublesome passions. But in the pursuits of learning, all is liberal, noble, generous. They require and promote that comprehensive mode of thinking, which overlooks the little and mean occupations of the vulgar mind. To the man of philosophical observation, the world appears as a theatre, in which the busy actors toil and weary themselves for his amusement. He sees the emptiness of many objects which are ardently pursued; he is acquainted with the false glitter that surrounds him; he

knows how short and unsubstantial are the good and evil, that excite all the ardour of pursuit and abhorrence, and can therefore derive a degree of delight from reflection, of which they who are deeply, and even successfully interested in them, can never participate. Notwithstanding the charms of opulence, yet have Socrates and Epictetus attracted more admiration, and probably enjoyed more tranquility of mind, than the richest publican of Athens and Rome.

CULTURE OF THE MIND.

Culture of the understanding is indeed, one of the best methods of subduing the heart to softness, and redeeming it from that savage state, in which it too often comes from the hand of nature. The more our reason is strengthened, the better she is enabled to keep her seat on the throne, and to govern those passions, which were appointed to be her subjects, but which too often rebel and succeed in their unnatural revolt; but besides the effect of mental culture, in calling forth and increasing the powers of the reasoning faculty, it seems to possess an influence in humanizing the feelings, and meliorating the native disposition.

Music, painting and poetry teach the mind to select the agreeable parts of those objects which surround us, and by habituating it to a pure and permanent delight, gradually superinduce an habitual good humour. It is of infinite importance to happiness, to accustom the mind from infancy to turn from deformed and painful scenes, and to contemplate whatever can be found of moral and natural beauty—the spirits under this benigned management contract a milkiness, and learn to flow all cheerily in their smooth and yielding channels—while on the contrary, if the young mind is tiezed, fretted and neglected, the passage of the spirits become rugged, abrupt, exasperated, and the whole nervous system seems to acquire an excessive irritability. The ill treatment of children, has not only made them wretched at the time, but wretched for life, tearing the fine contextures of their nerves, and roughening by example and by some secret and internal influence, the very constitution of their tempers.

FRIENDSHIP.

Where friendship is cordial, it is exposed to the wounds of painful sympathy, and to the anguish of violent separation—when it is so cool

as not to occasion sympathetic pains, it is never productive of much pleasure. The ordinary commerce of the world consists in a circulation of frivolous intercourse, in which the heart has no concern; it is generally insipid and often soured, by the slightest difference in humour or opposition of interest—we fly to company in order to be relieved from wearisome correspondence with ourselves; and the vexations which we meet with in society, drive us back again into solitude. Even among the virtuous, dissentions arise, and disagreement in opinion too often produces alienation of heart; we form few connexions where somewhat does not occur to disappoint our hopes. The beginnings are often pleasing. We flatter ourselves with having found those who will never give us any disgust; but weaknesses are too often discovered, suspicions arise, and love waxes cold. We are jealous of one another, and accustomed to live in disguise—a studied civility assumes the name without the pleasure of friendship, and secret animosity and envy are often found concealed under the caresses of dissembled affection.

BLAIR.

AMIABLE TENDERNESS.

Dear Constantia, is thy heart at rest. Exert thy reason, tax thy fortitude, call forth the nobler faculties of thy mind, and charge them to assert their empire over the wayward passions; while we live in that state of being, we must encounter difficulties, and struggle with uneasiness—the heart will often find itself dissatisfied we know not why; and reason will stand an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power—in such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the task to which it is appointed; it should be informed of the high office it bears in the economy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilence of its enemies; but while we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificancy of every passion and pursuit that centers and terminates here. Suppose our earthly aims were directed to their object, by the favoring gale of fortune. Suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigned them. Yet vain, changeable and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth a moment's triumph, while the heart turns upon an earthly axis—like the perishable ball that it loves, it

will be variously affected by outward influences; sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladness, at other times be the barren desert of melancholy, one while it will languish in the gloom of discontent. The course of this is, not only the human heart is in itself changeable and uncertain, deriving its sensations from constitutional influences; but that the objects, if they are earthly, on which it depends for happiness, are liable to variation and decay. Hence my dear friend, arises the superiority of religious views. When our hopes of happiness are fixed on one certain event, which though remote, cannot be altered; the heart has an invariable foundation, whereon it may rest; without this resting place, we should be tossed to and fro with every wind of fortune; the sport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To the immoveable anchor of the soul; religion directs us in the hopes of immortality. We know from the unerring word of divine revelation, that we shall exist in another state of being, after the dissolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpose of providence, in the belief that our future existence shall be infinitely happy, compared with this prospect. My dear friend, how poor, how barren would every scene of mortal happiness appear; how despicable at least, yet how liable to

be destroyed by every storm of adversity; for are we not exposed to a thousand accidents, the most trifling of which, may be sufficient to break a scheme of felicity. Let us consider those conditions that are almost universally desired; the dignity of the great and the affluence of the rich; are these above the reach of misfortune? are they exempt from the importunities of care? Greatness is but the object of impertinence and envy, and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wishes lead to these, we should unavoidably be disappointed, the acquisition might for a while soothe our vanity, but we should soon sigh for the ease of obscurity, and envy the content of those whom pride would call her vassals. If wealth and grandeur, then, cannot afford us happiness, where shall we seek it? is it to be found in the cell of the hermit, or does it watch by the taper of solitary learning? Loves it the society of laughing mirth, or does it effect the pensive pleasures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendship, or in the lasting tenderness of married love? Alas, my friend, this train of alternitives will not do, should we fly from the troubles of society, to some lonely hermitage, we should soon sigh for the amusements of the world we had quarrelled with—the

strongest mind could not long support the burthen of uncommunicated thought, and the firmest heart would languish in the stagnation of melancholy. Ask the solitary scholar, if ever in his learned researches, he beheld the retreat of happiness. Amusement is all that he will pretend to.—Amusement, in quest of which, the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out; the understanding enervated by the assiduity of attention, and the memory overburthened with unessential ideas. Yet possibly my friend, happiness may mingle with society, and swell the acclamations of festive mirth. No, the joy that dwells there cannot be called happiness; if we are able to distinguish the elegance of conversation, we shall often be disgusted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly, and if not, we may be amused with the noise, but cannot taste the pleasures of society.

LANGHORN'S THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

From the Morning Chronicle, January 22, 1821.

GENERAL STERETT.

On Saturday last, the remains of General JOSEPH STERETT were interred with the usual military honours due to his rank. In

addition to the several military corps, the procession was numerously attended by our fellow-citizens, who seemed anxious to pay the last honours to a brave soldier and valued citizen.

A literary friend has favored us with the following tribute to the memory of General S. and we take the liberty to say, that it reflects equal honor both on his head and on his heart.

A LAMENT,

On the Death of GENERAL STERETT.

Written on the day of his funeral, and inscribed with respect to the Militia, who fought at North-Point, by an old Scottish Militia-man, Major J. P. of Glasgow.

The minute-gun spoke, from its hoarse iron throat,
On the noon-day deeply rolling?
But no other sound on the stillness broke,
Save the death-bell sadly tolling?

I stood in the crowd—and mus'd on the scene,
Well pleas'd with the martial rattle:
So an old war-horse will start at the scream
Of the trumpet—and pant for the battle.

The voice of their chief now broke on my ear,
And the column was put in motion;
The muffled-drum rolled—to the fife shrill and clear,
And their march was a hymn of devotion.

The old gallant Fifth* did their banners display,
By services rent asunder—
For those blazon'd scarfs have flouted gay,
In the teeth of Albion's thunder.

They bore him along on a hero's bier,
No cymbal clash was ringing—
But the horn and flute fell sweet on the ear,
Like a choir their vespers singing.

Around his corse was a gallant throng,
Of warriors anxious crowding!
His sword gleamed bright—but the hand was unstrung,
His coffin the dark plumes shrouding.

His charger was led in rear of the hearse,
Caparison'd just as it bore him:
Then followed his orphan sons—but my verse,
Is too tame for those who weep o'er him.

Oh! there is a sad, sad, lonely *one*,
Who now at his tomb is wailing—
But who would breathe on such grief?—there is none,
'Twere ungentle, as unavailing.

* General STERETT was an officer in the 5th regiment upwards of 20 years, and commanded it during the last war. He distinguished himself in the battles of Bladensburg and North-Point, at the head of this corps.

But there is ONE—eternal in might,
Who hath promis'd us aid in our sorrow,
And the fatherless find, that a gloomy night,
Oft wakes in a mild beaming morrow,

Still, still on the ear roar'd the minute-gun,
As the solemn march was advancing;
The snow-clad ground glitter'd bright in the sun,
Like a silvery shroud it was glancing.

They laid him with care, in the cold deep grave,
The orphans' tears fast flowing;
And hearts were full, 'mong the proud and the brave,
For the warriors cheeks were glowing.

And just as the earth on the coffin pour'd,
The musquetry pointed to heaven,
They fired!—and the smoke like an offering soar'd
To the brave, by honor given.

Methought I saw him, when calm he stood,
On the raging battle gazing;
When thundering hoofs rush'd down like a flood,
And the red fires of death were blazing.

I've heard his compatriots nobly speak
Of the foe—on their valour dwelling,

Such praise from the brave, in a strange land
is sweet,
Sweet as music o'er waters swelling.

Though a stranger wakes thy funeral song,
Yet he will not touch thy story;
To a native bard let the bright theme belong,
He best may chaunt thy glory.

While a People sorrowing, mourn thy loss,
And blazon a soldier's merit;
Let a wandering minstrel—a Clansman of Ross†
Breathe a requiem o'er gallant STERETT.

Baltimore, January 20, 1821.

MONODY

On the Death of General JOSEPH STERETT.

By a very young Gentleman of Baltimore.

A hero now is gone,
In the cold earth he sleeps—
He whom the friend alike and patriot weeps,
Cold as the monumental stone

† By "Clansman" is meant a person of the same blood, house, or family and name. It is proper to mention, that the word as here applied, is poetical. The writer of this trifle had not the honor of being connected with General Ross, excepting by wide birth-right—a son of the same country, a servant of the same king.

He lies; no more shall glory's star
Illume his splendid way.
The thunder of the battle shall not shake
His dread repose—his iron slumber break.
Winter with all its white array,
Now shrouds the warrior's mould'ring clay—
The northern gale,
Howls o'er his reliques pale—
Sings his sad dirges o'er his head,
In honor of the slumbering dead—
Yet once that eye, so dead, so cold,
In the full blaze of battle roll'd;
It sparkl'd with a soldier's pride,
And death defied—
While every soul caught courage from the glance,
Amidst the thunder's roar—
In death and carnage, blood and gore,
It seemed to flash, ADVANCE—
Sweet be your slumbers, till the morn
Of heaven's immortal day shall fire the dawn.
But, hush—the new-born spirit springs
On angels wings,
And sweeps the noon-tide blaze of day—
When stars shall fade away,
And earth shall sink in elemental flame,
The soul shall soar,
Where shouting saints adore,
And look with scorn on earth's exhausted frame.

EDGAR.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Were it not a common occurrence in life, it would be deemed altogether impossible, that the theory and practice of the same individual should be so completely opposed. No man knew better than Steele the value of religion and virtue, no man was better acquainted with the distinctions of right and wrong. From him the friendless and the unfortunate were sure to receive the protection within his power; and where he could not alleviate, his sympathy was ever ready to share the afflictions of his brethren. His misfortune, the cause of all his errors, was, not to have clearly seen where his deficiencies lay; they were neither of the head nor of the heart, but merely of volition. Instead of writing a treatise to convince the understanding, which he wanted not, had he have left the army and his seductive companions, he had immediately effected the cure he was in search of. The capability of doing this, however, at the period we are now recording, had been lost by neglect and want of habitual energy; he possessed the wish, but not the power of volition, to carry his purposes into execution.

I know no imbecility so truly to be commiserated as this. Steele, who felt, even with aggravation, all the bitterness of his folly, has, in the Tatler, with an amiable candour, and with

unsparing censure, drawn a perfect portrait of himself, though, as just observed, he ascribes his weakness to a wrong cause. It concludes in the following emphatic manner: "Thus, with all the good intentions in the world to amendment, this creature sins on against heaven, himself, his friends, and his country, who all call for a better use of his talents. There is not a being under the sun so miserable as this: he goes on in a pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no enjoyment but what is followed by remorse; no relief from remorse, but the repetition of his crime. It is possible I may talk of this person with too much indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this a character which is most the object of pity of any in the world. The man in the pangs of the stone, gout, or any acute distemper, is not in so deplorable a condition, in the eye of right sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The fellow with broken limbs justly deserves your alms, for his impotent condition; but he that cannot use his own reason, is in a much worse state; for you see him in miserable circumstances, with his remedy at the same time in his own possession, if he would, or could use it."

Steele, who loved to see the characters of the various classes in low life unfettered by au-

thority, and indulging in all the festivities of mirth and caprices of humour, and willing whilst in Scotland to ascertain the genius and manners of the populace, one day, during his residence at Edinburgh, made a splendid feast; and whilst his servants were astonished at the magnitude and magnificence of the preparations, and wondering for what great personages they were intended, he ordered them to go into the streets, collect all the beggars and poor people they should meet, and invite them immediately to his house. In consequence of this proceeding, Sir Richard soon mustered fifty beggars, and many poor decayed tradesmen, and, presiding at their head, plied them so briskly with whiskey, punch and wine, that, forgetting all their cares, and free from all restraint, they gave loose to every peculiarity of their respective characters; and a display of native though rude wit, of merriment and jollity, ensued, which soon set the table in a roar, and presented a scene at once highly ludicrous, and truly comic. When the frolic was ended, Sir Richard declared, that besides the pleasure of feasting so many, he had learned from them humour enough to form a good comedy.

It is probable that Sir Richard, during his stay in Scotland, travelled for his amusement through several parts of that romantic coun-

try; for in the third volume of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, lately published by Sir Walter Scott, the following circumstance is said to have occurred to him near Hoddom Castle, on the banks of the river Annan.

Hoddom Castle, which is delightfully situated, is an ancient structure, built between the years 1437 and 1484, by John, Lord Herries, of Herries, a powerful baron, who possessed extensive domains in Dumfries-shire.

"On the top of a small, but conspicuous hill, near to Hoddom Castle, there is square tower, built of hewn stone, over the door of which are carved the figures of a dove and serpent, and betwixt them the word *Repentance*. Hence the building, though its proper name is Trailtrow, is more frequently called the Tower of Repentance. It was anciently used as a beacon, and the border laws direct a watch to be maintained, with a fire-pan and bell, to give the alarm when the English crossed, or approached the river of Annan.

"A certain Lord Herries—about the date of the transaction tradition is silent—was famous among those who used to rob and steal (convey, the wise it call.) This lord, returning from England with many prisoners, whom he had unlawfully enthralled, was overtaken by a storm, while passing the Solway Firth; and, in order

to relieve his boat, he cut all their throats, and threw them into the sea. Feeling great qualms of conscience, he built this square tower, carving over the door, which is about half-way up the building, and had formerly no stair to it, the figures above-mentioned, of a dove and a serpent, emblems of remorse and grace, and the motto '*Repentance.*'

"It is said," proceeds Sir Walter Scott, "that Sir Richard Steele, while riding near this place, saw a shepherd boy reading his bible, and asked him what he learned from it? 'The way to heaven,' answered the boy. 'And can you shew it to me? said Sir Richard, in banter. 'you must go by that tower,' replied the shepherd; and he pointed to the Tower of Repentance.

On this tradition, relative to Lord Herries, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. the present possessor of Hoddom Castle, has constructed the following beautiful and pathetic fragment.

THE LORD HERRIES HIS COMPLAINT.

A FRAGMENT.

"Bright shone the moon on Hoddom's wall,
Bright on Repentance Tower;
Mirk was the Lord of Hoddom's saul.
That chief sae sad and sour.

"He sat him on Repentance hicht,
And glowr'd upon the sea;
And sair and heavily he sicht,
But nae drap eased his bree.

"The night is fair, and calm the air,
No blasts disturb the tree;
Baith men and beast now tak their rest,
And a's at peace but me.

"Can wealth and power in princely bower,
Can beauty's rolling e'e,
Can friendship dear, wi' kindly tear,
Bring back my peace to me?

"No! lang lang maun the mourner pine,
And meikle penance dree,
Wha has a heavy heart like mine,
Ere light that heart can be.

"Under yon silver skimmering waves,
That saftly rise and fa',
Lie mouldering banes in sandy graves,
That fley my peace awa.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"To help my boat I pierc'd the throat
Of him whom ane lo'ed dear;
Nought did I spare his yellow hair,
And e'en sae bright and clear.

"She sits her lane, and makith mane,
And sings a waefu' sang,
Scotch rievers hae my darling ta'en;
O Willie tarries lang!"

"I plung'd an auld man in the sea,
Whose locks were like the snaw;
His hairs sall serve for ropes to me,
In hell my soul to draw.

"Soon did thy smile, sweet baby, stint,
Torn frae the nurse's knee,
That smile, that might hae saften'd flint,
And still'd the raging sea.

"Alas, twelve precious lives were spilt,
My worthless spark to save;
Bet* had I fallen, withouten guilt,
Frae cradle to the grave.

"Repentance! signal of my bale,
Built of the lasting stane,
Ye long shall tell the bluidy tale,
When I am dead and gane.

"How Hoddom's lord, ye lang sall tell,
By conscience stricken sair,
In life sustain'd the pains of hell,
And perish'd in despair."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

* Bet——better.

GOLDSMITH'S POETRY

Enjoys a calm and steady popularity. It inspires us, indeed, with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy; and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection, to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost exclusively his own; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society, with pictures of life, that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a rugged or careless mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression; but still it is select and refined expression. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill, to avoid a vulgar humility. There is

more of this sustained simplicity, of this chaste economy and choice of words in Goldsmith, than in any modern poet, or perhaps than would be attainable or desirable as a standard for every writer of rhyme. In extensive narrative poems such a style would be too difficult. There is a noble propriety even in the careless strength of great poems, as in the roughness of castle walls; and, generally speaking, where there is a long course of story, or observation of life to be pursued, such exquisite touches as those of Goldsmith would be too costly materials for sustaining it. But let us not imagine that the serene graces of this poet were not admirably adapted to his subjects. His poetry is not that of impetuous, but of contemplative sensibility; of a spirit breathing its regrets and recollections, in a tone that has no dissonance with the calm of philosophical reflection. He takes rather elevated speculative views of the causes of good and evil in society; at the same time, the objects which are most endeared to his imagination are those of familiar and simple interest; and the domestic affections may be said to be the only genii of his romance. The tendency towards abstracted observation in his poetry agrees peculiarly with the compendious

form of expression which he studied*; whilst the homefelt joys, on which his fancy loved to repose, required at once the chastest and sweetest colours of language, to make them harmonize with the dignity of a philosophical poem.—His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts, or false transports; but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself. Whatever ardour or casual felicities he may have thus sacrificed, he gained a high degree of purity and self possession. His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its ale-house, and listen to the "varnished clock that clicked behind the door."

* There is perhaps no couplet in English rhyme more perspicuously condensed than those two lines of the "Traveller," in which he describes the once flattering, vain, and happy character of the French.

"They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
"Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

He betrays so little effort to make us visionary by the usual and palpable fictions of his art; he keeps apparently so close to realities, and draws certain conclusions, respecting the radical interests of man, so boldly and decidedly, that we pay him a compliment, not always extended to the tuneful tribe, that of judging his sentiments by their strict and logical interpretation. In thus judging him by the test of his philosophical spirit, I am not prepared to say, that he is a purely impartial theorist. He advances general positions, respecting the happiness of society, founded on limited views of truth, and under the bias of local feelings. He contemplates only one side of the question. It must be always thus in poetry. Let the mind be ever so tranquilly disposed to reflection, yet if it retains poetical sensation, it will embrace only those speculative opinions that fall in with the tone of the imagination. Yet I am not disposed to consider his principles as absurd, or his representations of life as the mere reveries of fancy.

In the "Deserted Village" he is an advocate for the agricultural, in preference to the commercial prosperity of a nation; and he pleads for the blessings of the simpler state, not with the vague predilection for the country which is

common to poets, but with an earnestness that professes to challenge our soberest belief. Between Rousseau's celebrated letter on the influence of the sciences, and this popular poem, it will not be difficult to discover some resemblance of principles. They arrive at the same conclusions against luxury; the one from contemplating the ruins of a village, and the other from reviewing the downfal of empires. But the English poet is more moderate in his sentiments than the philosopher of Geneva; he neither stretches them to such obvious paradox, nor involves them in so many details of sophistry; nor does he blaspheme all philosophy and knowledge in pronouncing a malediction on luxury. Rousseau is the advocate of savageness, Goldsmith only of simplicity. Still, however, his theory is adverse to trade, and wealth, and arts. He delineates their evils, and disdains their vaunted benefits. This is certainly not philosophical neutrality; but a neutral balancing of arguments would have frozen the spirit of poetry. We must consider him as a pleader on that side of the question, which accorded with the predominant state of his heart; and, considered in that light, he is the poetical advocate of many truths. He revisits a spot consecrated by his earliest and tenderest recollections; he

misses the bloomy flush of life, which had marked its once busy, but now depopulated scenes; he beholds the inroads of monopolizing wealth, which had driven the peasant to emigration; and, tracing the sources of the evil to "Trade's proud empire," which has so often proved a transient glory, and an enervating good, he laments the state of society, "where wealth accumulates and men decay." Undoubtedly, counter views of the subject might have presented themselves, both to the poet and philosopher. The imagination of either might have contemplated, in remote perspective, the replenishing of empires beyond the deep, and the diffusion of civilized existence, as eventual consolations of futurity, for the present sufferings of emigration. But those distant and cold calculations of optimism would have been wholly foreign to the tone and subject of the poem. It was meant to fix our patriotic sympathy on an innocent and suffering class of the community, to refresh our recollections of the simple joys, the sacred and strong local attachments, and all the manly virtues of rustic life. Of such virtues the very remembrance is by degrees obliterated in the breasts of a commercial people.—It was meant to rebuke the luxurious and selfish spirit of opulence, which, imitating the pomp

and solitude of feudal abodes, without their hospitality and protection, surrounded itself with monotonous pleasure grounds, which indignantly "spurned the cottage from the green."

On the subject of those mis-named improvements, by the way, in which

> "Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
> "Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,"

the possessors themselves of those places have not been always destitute of compunctions similar to the sentiments of the poet. Mr. Potter, in his "Observations on the Poor Laws," has recorded an instance of it. "When the late "Earl of Leicester was complimented upon the "completion of his great design at Holkham, he "replied, 'It is a melancholy thing to stand "alone in one's country. I look round, not a "house is to be seen but mine. I am the Giant "of Giant Castle and have eat up all my "neighbors.'"

Although Goldsmith has not examined all the points and bearings of the question suggested by the changes in society which were passing before his eyes, he has strongly and affectingly pointed out the immediate evils with which those changes were pregnant. Nor while the picture of Au-

burn delights the fancy, does it make an useless appeal to our moral sentiments. It may be well sometimes that society, in the very pride and triumph of its improvement, should be taught to pause and look back upon its former steps; to count the virtues that have been lost, or the victims that have been sacrificed by its changes. Whatever may be the calculations of the political economist as to ultimate effects, the circumstance of agricultural wealth being thrown into large masses, and of the small farmer exiled from his scanty domain, foreboded a baneful influence on the independent character of the peasantry, which it is by no means clear that subsequent events have proved to be either slight or imaginary.

Pleasing as Goldsmith is, it is impossible to ascribe variety to his poetical character; and Dr. Johnson has justly remarked something of an echoing resemblance of tone and sentiment between the "Traveller" and "Deserted Village." But the latter is certainly an improvement on its predecessor. The field of contemplation in the "Traveller" is rather desultory. The other poem has an endearing locality, and introduces us to beings with whom the imagination contracts an intimate friendship. Fiction in poetry is not the reverse of truth, but her

soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the "Deserted Village."

FROM DRYDEN'S PROSE WORKS.

VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

I am not altogether out of hope, that these Pastorals of Virgil may have some delight, though made English by one who scarcely remembers that passion which inspired my author, when he wrote them. These were his first essay, in poetry (if the Caris was not his :) and it was more excusable in him to describe love when he was young, than for me to translate him when I am old.—He died at the age of fifty-two, and I began this work in my great climacteric; but having perhaps a better constitution than my author, I have wronged him less, considering my circumstances, than those who have attempted him before, either in our own, or any modern language. And though this version is not void of errors, yet it comforts me that the faults of others are not worth finding. Mine are neither gross nor frequent, in those Eclogues wherein my master has rais-

ed himself above that humble style in which pastoral delights, and which I must confess is proper to the education and converse of shepherds: for he found the strength of his genius betimes, and was even in his youth, preluding to his Georgicks and his Æneas. He could not forbear to try his wings, though his pinions were not hardened to maintain a long laborious flight; yet sometimes they bore him to a pitch as lofty as ever he was able to reach afterwards. But when he was admonished by the subject to descend, he came down, gently circling in the air, and singing, to the ground: like a lark, melodious in her mounting, and continuing her song till she alights; still preparing for a higher flight at her next sally, and turning her voice to better music. The fourth, the sixth, and the eighth pastorals, are clear evidences of this truth. In the three first he contains himself within his bounds; but addressing to Polli, his great patron, and himself no vulgar poet, he no longer could restrain the freedom of his spirit, but began to assert his native character, which is sublimity; putting himself under the conduct of the same Cumæan Sybil, whom afterwards he gave for a guide to his Æneas. It is true he was sensible of his own boldness; and we know it by the *paulo majora,* which begins his

fourth Eclogue. He remembered, like young Manlius, that he was forbidden to engage; but what avails an express command to a youthful courage, which presages victory in the attempt. Encouragement with success, he proceeds farther in the sixth, and invades the province of philosophy. And notwithstanding that Phœbus had forewarned him of singing wars, as he there confesses, yet he presumed that the search of nature was as free to him, as to Lucretius, who at his age explained it according to the principles of Epicurus.

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I

should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit, degenerating into clinches, his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets.

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

From the Journal of Mrs. Hesselius, late of Baltimore.

November 13th, 1798.

I this day looked over a great number of my old papers, many letters from old friends, and many more from absent ones, and those whom I shall never see more in this state of existence: This I believe assisted my dejection. Amongst others, I saw a reflection I wrote in the winter of 1790. I was then in a situation, attended with many cares; and sometimes they prevented my sleeping. Very often I would rise before day, and choose to read and write, rather than lie and indulge disagreeable thoughts. One morning I had but a snuff of a candle; which produced the following meditations:

A MORNING MEDITATION,

BEFORE DAY.

Mark my soul, that wasted taper,
Once though tall, and fair to see;
Almost now consum'd to vapour;
What can more resemble me?

As the oil destroyed in burning,
Days and months and years are gone,
Prospects fair no more returning,
Pleasing scenes forever flown.

See the feeble wick is bending,
No support it now can find;
Its languid light sometimes suspending,
To the socket seems resign'd.

Now the quivering flame ascending,
Each redoubled effort tries,
As if it feared the fate impending,
Starts convulsive e're it dies.

Soon my heart this anxious striving,
May thy every power possess;
Throbbing, struggling, then surviving,
Only to prolong distress.

Nature fainting, spirits failing,
What can comfort then supply?
Thy blood, my Saviour, all prevailing,
Can e'en make it joy to die.

Thou, who art the resurrection,
Source of uncreated bliss,
Restore my soul to full perfection,
Life, and peace, and righteousness,
Then receive this ransom'd spirit,
To the mansions of thy love;
Where I'll join to sing thy merit,
With the glorious choir above.

BY MISS ELIZA CARTER,

(The celebrated and pious Mrs. Carter.)

The midnight moon serenely smiles,
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.
Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more,
Distract the labouring will.
In silence hush'd to reason's voice,
Attends each mental power;
Come dear Amanda, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.
Come while this peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form,
Of happiness be found.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth,
Of gay assemblies dwell,
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell.

How oft the laughing brow of joy,
A sickening heart conceals,
And through the cloister's deep recess,
Invading sorrow steals.

In vain through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace,
It dwells not in the faithless smile,
That brightens Clodio's face.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,
All yet agree in one,
To place its being in some state,
At distance from our own.

O! Blind to each indulgent gift,
Of power supremely wise,
Who fancy happiness in aught,
That Providence denies.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes,
The passions into peace.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,
Is happiness confin'd;
And deaf to folly's noise attends,
The music of the mind.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY THE SAME.

How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll,
And solitude and silent eve restore,
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lull to rest,
The busy tumult of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet soothes the breast,
And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your task be ended with the setting sun;
Let all be undisturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave descends the peaceful moon.

What beauteous visions o'er the soften'd heart,
In this still moment all their charms diffuse;
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And cheer the soul with more than mortal views.

Here faithful mem'ry wakens all her powers:
She bids her fair ideal forms ascend,
And quick to every gladden'd thought restore,
The social virtue and the *absent friend.*

Come then, ****, come, and with me share,
The sober pleasures of this solemn scene;
While no rude tempest clouds the ruffl'd air.
But all like THEE, is smiling and serene.

Come while the cool, the solitary hour,
Each foolish care and giddy wish controul;
With all thy soft persuasion's wonted power,
Beyond the stars transport my list'ning soul.

Oft when the earth detain'd by empty show,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to rise,
Taught her to look with scorn on things below,
And seek *her* better portion in the skies.

Come and the sacred eloquence repeat,
The world shall vanish at its gentle sound,
Angelic forms shall visit this retreat,
And opening Heaven diffuse its glories round.

Written on reading the Sorrows of Werter.

BY MISS LEE.

Ah, hapless *Werter*, thy sad tale of wo,
Bade my heart bleed, and tears in torrents flow;
Yet while I weep the wretched maniac's doom,
Which brought his youth in sorrow to the tomb.
I must tho' loth his wayward temper blame,
For rashly cherishing a lawless flame.

Ere Charlotte's beauties met his raptur'd sight,
He knew her heart was virtuous Albert's right,
And should have sav'd his honor by his flight.
For oh! in vain may reason virtue plead,
If we with hope our headstrong passions feed;
If we permit our doating eyes to rest,
On that *lov'd form* which first inflam'd our breast.
But double guilt deluded Werter stain'd,
When his fond sighs the nuptial tie profan'd;
Oh! be such flames for ever—ever mourn'd,
Nor e'er by guilty mutual fires return'd.
Yet sure the coldest heart, the virtue most severe,
Must sympathize with this unhappy pair;
Such direful pangs his fatal passion wrought,
Love, virtue, struggling with disorder'd thought.
His mental conflict, his last direful deed,
All must deplore, and all with horror read.
Say, dare we hope his anguish could atone,
His mighty guilt before that awful throne,
Where we are taught the fairest sons of earth,
Must sink abash'd, and own their fading worth?
Here doubt and darkness mortal prescience awes,
Firm is my faith in God's eternal laws;
Those laws which writ whenever blood is spilt,
Celestial vengeance shall pursue the guilt.
Yet who shall dare Almighty Power to scan,
And rashly stint the love of God to man;

Since love divine, surpassing human thought,
From heaven to earth the filial godhead brought;
That gracious Lord who thus did condescend,
To erring man his saving aid extend,
In mercy may our faith our fears transcend.
But stop, my muse, nor rashly dare to stray,
No guide have we to point the doubtful way;
Or draw the veil which hide eternal day;
In silence then deplore the fatal blow,
And pray that we such guilt may never know.

AN EPITAPH.

If e'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow,
If e'er thy bosom felt another's wo,
If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did prove.
If e'er the offspring of thy virtuous love,
Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear.
For her's alas—too early snatched away,
All that was lovely death has made his prey.
No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie,
No more the diamond sparkles in her eye;
Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast,
Alas! that breath with all its sweets is lost.
Pale now those lips where blushing rubies hung,
And mute the charming music of her tongue.
Ye virgins fair, your fading charms survey,

She was whate'er your tender hearts can say.
To her sweet memory for ever dear,
Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.
To this sad place the earliest garlands bring,
And deck her grave with firstlings of the spring
Let opening roses, blooming lillies tell, [fell.
Like those she bloom'd, and ah, like those she
Round her, ye graces, constant vigils keep,
And guard fair innocence her sacred sleep;
Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,
To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.

A DELL.

A dell is a narrow cleft, winding between two rocky precipices, and overgrown with wood, which closes at the top, and almost excludes the day. Through the bottom foams a torrent; you hear it sounding among the rocks, but it is rarely visible. These romantic spots are generally impervious. When they are so open, as to allow a narrow foot-path to stray among them, they are the most beloved haunts of solitude and meditation, and of all the parts of nature's delightful scenery, afford the most refreshing refuge from noon-tide heat. Such were the scenes the poet panted after, when they drew

from his soul, oppressed by the langour of a summer sun that ardent aspiration:

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent.

THOMSON.

KENELWORTH.

Rendered more celebrated by a novel ascribed to Sir Walter Scott.

From Warwick we proposed to take a view of Kenelworth Castle, one of the most magnificent piles of ruins in England. This castle is mentioned in history as early as the reign of Henry I. It was then private property; but its owner taking an unsuccessful part in the civil war, it fell to the crown, in which it continued till the time of Elizabeth, who gave it to her favourite, the Earl of Leicester.

This nobleman, profuse and magnificent to the last degree, is said to have expended sixty thousand pounds on this single pile, a sum enormous in those days. He resided almost in

regal state. After the civil wars of Charles I. the pride of this noble mansion was humbled; its owner was a favorer of the royal cause, and Cromwell, in revenge tore it in pieces, and set every thing to auction that could be severed from its walls. These rapacious hands left it in a state from which it never recovered, yet still it is a splendid ruin. The plan of the castle or walled court, consists of seven acres, one third of which is occupied by the ruin. The form of no chamber can well be traced, except that of the great banqueting hall, which was in the centre of the pile. Among other fragments, stand the ruins of two massy square dissimilar towers, known by the names of Cæsar's and Leicester's. The variety of shattered staircases, fractured segments of vaulted roofs, and pieces of ornamented windows, afford excellent studies for a painter. The stone of which it is constructed is brown, beautiful to the eye, but the touch of time is crumbling it imperceptibly away, and now, in Ossian's plaintive language, "its walls are desolate. The grey moss whitens the stone; the fox looks out from the window, and rank grass waves round its head."

One of the most memorable particulars of the history of this castle, is an entertainment given here by the earl of Leicester to queen Elizabeth. The tradition of this grand festivity still

from
sur-

...gham, a person in
... who was present,
... majesty's reception,
... be formed of the gal-
... entertainment.
... 1575, in the evening, the
... the first gate of the castle,
... tall of person, and stern of
... a club and keys, prostrates
... oyal feet, yields up his club and
... aims, "open gates, and free pas-
... immediately the trumpeters who
... wall, being six in number, each
... with their silvery trumpets of
... ong, sounded up a tune of welcome.
... inued while the queen rode through
... ard to the grand entrance of the cas-
... ch was washed by the lake; here, as she
... a moveable island approached, in which
... aroned, the Lady of the Lake, who ac-
... her majesty in well penned metre, with
... count of the antiquity of the castle, and of
... own sovereignty over those waters since the
... of king Arthur; but hearing that her ma-
... was passing that way, she came in humble
... to offer up the same, and all her power
... her majesty's hand. This pageant was
... with a delectable harmony of hautboys,
... cornets, and such other loud music,
while her majesty passed into the castle gate.

Here she was presented with a new scene; several of the heathen gods had brought their gifts before her, which were piled up, or hung in elegant order on both sides of the entrance; wild fowl, and dead game, from Sylvanus, god of the woods; baskets of fruit, from Pomona; sheaves of various kinds of corn, from Ceres; a pyramid adorned with clusters of grapes, gracified with their vine leaves, from Bacchus, and ornamented at the bottom with elegant vases and goblets; fish of all sorts, disposed in baskets, were presented by Neptune; arms by Mars; and musical instruments by Apollo; an inscription over the gate explained the whole. Her majesty having graciously accepted these gifts, was received into the gates with a concert of flutes, and other soft music, and alighting from her milk-white palfrey, which she always rode single, she was conveyed into her chamber, and her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts, and a display of fireworks at night.

Here the queen was entertained nineteen days, and it is recorded that the entertainment cost the earl a thousand pounds a day; each of which was diversified with masks, interludes, hunting, music, and a variety of other amusements.—Among other compliments paid to the queen in

this gallant festival, the great clock, which was fixed in Cæsar's Tower, was stopped during her majesty's continuance in the castle. That while the country enjoyed that great blessing, time might stand still.

GILPIN.

CHURCH YARD IN WALES.

I walked alone to a church yard, and was struck with the remarkable custom that prevails over North Wales, of planting the graves of departed friends with various ever-greens, and all the choicest gifts of Flora's hand. The snow-drop, violet, and primrose, harbingers of spring, denote the infant dust; the rocket rose, and woodbine, shew maturer years; while tansey, rue, and star-wort, mark declining life; each has its little ever-green, fond emblem of that perennial state, where change is known no more. They are constantly weeded and cherished by the hands of their nearest friends, who appropriate every Saturday afternoon for this amiable weakness, or rather, pious remembrance of departed worth. Observing a young person, whose beauty and profound attention would have attracted one less curious than myself, I approach-

ed her with respect, she turned her head, and shewed a beautiful countenance, still more interesting from grief. The tears trickled down her cheeks, and with a voice that rebuked my intrusion, she said, "I come here, sir, every Saturday, to pluck these weeds, and to weep over a dear and only brother, but he was too good to remain here." After an interval of silence that I could not have broken, she added, "I don't know whether I am wrong, but I frequently pray that my dear brother may flourish in Paradise, as this rose on his grave. I am told I ought not to pray for the dead, but I find my heart better after it, and I feel a stronger desire to be holy, that I may be the sooner fit to go to him." My sympathy was strongly affected, and the piety of the sentiment disarmed me of all power to demonstrate the fallacy of the doctrine.

LLANGOLLEN.

We now entered the far-famed Vale of Llangollen, and rambled for miles upon the banks of its still more celebrated river. The road sometimes ascends the acclivity of the mountain, and then suddenly drops into the lengthened vale, while the opposite side of the river consists of

moderately wooded hills that present themselves in all the luxuriance of forest foliage, interspersed with numerous villas of the gentry, and white cottages of the more humble inhabitants, which give additional charms of life and spirit, to the varied landscape; descending into a rich bottom, surrounded by woods, where a crystal stream, issuing from a fissured rock into a natural basin below, we saw a number of females assembled to wash their linen; from hence the boundary to the left opens in the small but beautiful vale of Egwest, throughout which a rapid stream from the mountains of Yale, flows into the Dee, whose waters, thrown with velocity over a ledge of rock, through a single arch of the beautiful bridge of Llangollen.

The town is small, and neatly built on the southern bank of the river; its chief boast is a good Parish Church, and a well endowed Free School. But Llangollen derives its consequence from the celebrity of its vale, the beauties of its surrounding scenery, and the interesting objects of antiquity in the vicinity, and perhaps no place is more justly famed, where the sentimental and refined lover of nature may have full scope for the indulgence of imagination.

At a small distance, overlooking the town, is a very neat building in the cottage style, fitted

up with great taste by the present occupiers; the right honorable Lady Eleanor Butler, and Miss Ponsonby. The former was sister to John, late earl of Ormond, and is aunt of the present earl; the latter is of the noble family of the name in Ireland, and cousin to the present earl of Besborough. An extent of about two acres includes every thing graceful, as a confined pleasure ground; it is an elegant villa in miniature, and justly entitled to Miss Seward's appellation, "The Fairy Palace of the Vale." These ladies, united by sisterly affection, congenial talents, and endued with virtues and accomplishments calculated to adorn more public scenes, retired early from the gay world, and chose this recluse spot for their constant residence; avoiding every appearance of dissipation, they lead a life as retired as the situation. While we lament that such examples of female virtue should be lost to society in an age of levity and vice like the present, we cannot help admiring the spirit of self-denial and command, which could inspire such contempt of the world in the youthful period of life, surrounded with the blandishments of pleasure, and the allurements of ambition.

WARNER'S WALKS THROUGH WALES.

THE VILLAGE OF CEMMARS

Stands upon a little creek opening into a most beautiful bay, about a mile across; its entrance into the main sea is guarded on each side by a craggy promontory, the one of grey, the other of snow-white marble, glistering above the green sea, smooth as the surface of a mirror, and whose sparkling transparency baffles description. In the interior recess of the bay, a lofty irregular arch of white marble meets the constant dashing of the waves, while the sounds of laughter and merriment, proceeding from two boat crews of young people that had just pushed out of the creek on a party of pleasure, added double life and pleasure to this lovely scene. The lands adjoining the cliffs that overlook the sea, produce a good deal of corn, but chiefly oats, and barley. A golden tinge already begins to appear, that will usher in the harvest, as soon as the crop of hay with which the farmers are busied, is safely housed. As we approached Almwich we met numerous groupes of men, women, and children, in their best clothes, it being Sunday, who were enjoying the mild temperature of a summer evening, rendered refreshing by sea breezes. In a new mown meadow, close to the town, we passed by a company of lads and lasses seated on a green

bank, chatting, laughing, and full of mirth and frolic; out of the whole number, we did not see one drinking party. The pleasures of society and mutual converse needed not the aid of intoxication to heighten their relish. After supper we strolled up to the mountain, which now no longer resounded with the confused noise of pickaxes and hammers, all was hushed in profound silence, and the moon-beams which were reflected bright from the sides of the vast excavations, could scarcely penetrate the deep abyss below. From thence we had a view of a bold rocky promontory, on which are seated the ruins of Dolbadern Castle, at the foot of which flows the river Conway. We returned to our inn, and there enjoyed that invaluable blessing, a sound repose.

We devoted the following morning to a delightful stroll in the wood of Gwydir. This ancient mansion built about two centuries ago, is an extensive pile of building, and shows the splendour of the former possessor. On an irregular plain of four or five acres, are a few cottages, the remains of a magnificent terrace; a handsome domestic chapel, built in the Gothic style, and overshadowed by a large Spanish chesnut tree, about thirteen feet in girth.

[Numerous descriptions of the far-famed *Falls of Niagara* have been published; but the following account of them contains some particulars which are new, and the relation of which must create uncommon feelings.]

Extract of a Letter dated on Lake Ontario, August 17, 1821.

"I could not have formed any idea of the great Falls of Niagara from any painting or description I had seen. Nothing can equal or represent this awful cataract. We first heard the fall at Lewiston, (seven miles distant) during the calm and solemn stillness of one of the finest nights I ever beheld. As you stood at the window you heard the low hoarse thunder breaking on the silence of the night, and warning you of your approach to this great body of water. We were up by day-break, and all impatient to proceed. We rode to breakfast at the Falls. On approaching them we beheld clouds of spray ascending to the heavens, and presenting to our view the various and beautiful tints of the rainbow. The moment we had breakfasted, we visited the fall on the American side. Two footbridges are erected from two different island which divide the cataract at about 60 feet above the fall, and over the most violent or difficult part of the rapid. The velocity of the waters and the roaring noise, for a moment seem to craze you, and you stand trembling and amazed

on the fearful bridge. Having passed this bridge I seated myself for some minutes on the outside projection of the rock, where this tremendous rushing stream almost touched my feet; the romantic wildness of the scene is here enchanting. On going about a mile farther, we were conducted to a point or projection of land from which suddenly burst upon our view an immense sheet of water, falling from 175 to 200 feet! The English fall is about 1500 feet in width; that on the American side about 800 feet. The quantity of water falling on the American side, is therefore not near so great as on the English. Descending a ladder we arrived at the bottom of the *lesser* fall, and it required a pretty steady head not to be dizzy, on casting a glance beneath you, in the descent. Having arrived at the foot of the ladder we had still a steep bank of earth and rocks of about a hundred feet to descend—this too, in the midst of an incessant shower of spray at the foot of the fall. Having arrived on the beach we cast our eyes up to the mountain, hanging over us, and beheld, as it were, the ocean pouring its tremendous waters over the bed of this immense rock, whose summit appeared like the snowy tops of the White Hills. Nothing can picture the beauty and grandeur of this scene:—The sun's rays glan-

eing on the spray, and shewing the variegated colours of the rainbow. The idea of being immediately beneath such an immense body of water, threatening to overwhelm you;—the great height;—the beautiful shade of green in a part of the fall;—taken all together, present a scene which must be impressed on memory while she holds her seat. We had now to ascend; the task was difficult indeed. and after climbing a precipice of nearly two hundred feet, we arrived at the summit of the bank, heated and fatigued to excess. The next morning at sunrise we prepared for a more arduous undertaking—that of visiting the great falls on the English side.

"Having been conducted to Table Rock, we prostrated ourselves flat on its surface, to overlook this tremendous precipice; no one being willing to trust [redacted] head with this view, in an erect position. The water rushed within a foot of us, flowing with a rapidity unequalled. Table Rock, upon which we were prostrated, (on the left of the fall) is shelving and hollow underneath; a part gave way about a year since, and fell two hundred feet, with a noise resembling a tremendous peal of thunder; therefore every visitor runs the risk of the recurrence of last year's accident, while resting here; and the eye traces an alarming rent from its

summit, which makes it probable another part will soon be precipitated into the abyss below. From Table Rock our guide conducted us to the ladder on the English side, and we had again to descend a precipice more dangerous than the first. As it was our intention to go *under* the rock, I had prepared myself for a thorough drenching. Having arrived at the foot of the ladder, our guide now pointed out a difficult path of about three quarters of a mile, along the bank we had just passed over, to reach the cavern, or hollow, under Table Rock; the path was intricate, and the scramble difficult; at times we were 150 feet above the beach, at others, only fifty feet; thus ascending and descending, through sand, rocks, and mud, and nothing to support us in case of falling, wet through and through with the spray, we arrived at the cavern underneath the great Cataract, enveloped in showers of rain or spray. Breathless, we hardly dared look up to view the alarming but magnificent prospect which towered over our heads; it seemed as if all the elements of nature were loosened upon us, and we appeared enveloped in thunder, rain, tornadoes, and whirlwinds; and even the view of this grand spectacle of nature, does not more than compensate one for the risque and fatigue attendant on obtaining it.

"The cavern formed by the projection of Table Rock, extends some distance under the fall, and it forms a kind of arch, leaving a distance of about thirty feet between the fall of water and the Rock.

"After having satisfied our curiosity, we returned, gratified with having witnessed the most magnificent natural spectacle of the new world, and not a little fatigued with the excursion."

ITALY.

On the coast of the Campagna Felice, the paradise of Italy, and at the extremity of a deep and secure bay, not less than 80 miles in circuit, whose shores offer to the enraptured beholder every thing that is in nature sublime and beautiful, is the celebrated city of Naples. Notwithstanding every impediment to population, such as religious celibacy, frequent assassination, and that extreme poverty which prevails among the lower orders of the people, in consequence of bad government, ill administered, the inhabitants of Naples amount to three hundred and forty thousaud souls. The city is paved with a polished lava as hard as marble, which in other countries is esteemed a great curiosity. It is upon the whole irregularly built,

but contains many noble palaces. The Strada de Toledo is the principal street. The threatre of St. Carlo is superior to any thing of the kind we have ever seen. On a gala night, when the house is illuminated, it presents one of the most brilliant spectacles imaginable; as a profusion of mirrors, other glasses, and reverberators, assist and multiply the light, and consequently display to the greatest advantage the carving and gilding. The environs and bay of Naples, the eye covers as it were at a glance from the windows of our apartments. The famous grotto of Pausolipo, is perhaps the most stupendous effort of labour in the world. On the hill, near the entrance of this grotto, is a small square ruin called Virgil's Tomb; and it is in this country he placed his Elysian fields, and Cicero Lucullus, &c. &c. their villas; we beheld magnificent ruins, particularly the entire groundwork of a sacred temple. This charming coast is worthy of all that praise which the Roman poets have bestowed on it. The most elegant and descriptive prose is, in my opinion, insufficient to do it justice. Though now in the depth of winter, the air is as soft as your summer breezes; the sea is calm, the sky clear, and all nature wears her kindest aspect. During the carnival, that grand Roman Catholic festival

which precedes Lent, Naples is a scene of universal jubilee. Its operas, both serious and comic, are the best in Italy. Once every week during the latter part of the carnival, the theatre of St. Carlo is laid open for masquerades, in which there is an infinite variety of character and humour unknown in England. In so warm a country as Naples, the inhabitants, during the summer, sleep the greatest part of the day, and amuse themselves all night in the open air, either on the Chiaia, a beautiful walk near the sea, or in their gardens on Mount Pausilipo, &c. Their great partiality for music, makes it one of their principal amusements.

In sailing down the bay of Naples, our view of the city, &c. was inexpressibly fine; all its beauties being flushed and heightened by the setting sun, as the houses from the situation of the ground on which they stand, rise one above another; we were able, at a distance, to distinguish those in which we had passed the greatest part of our time, with people whom it is impossible to forget or not to admire. I have had an opportunity of observing the soil and produce of part of Calabria Citra. Though little cultivated, the earth is naturally rich and abundant, particularly in olives, figs, and grapes. The two former are remarkable for their delicious flavour, and the latter would be equal to any in the world, were

the vines properly cultivated and dressed. The wild aromatic herbs of the mountains are so nutricious that cattle cannot feed upon them, without becoming too gross in six weeks. All the coast is covered with a variety of myrtles, very different from the forced production of our northern hemisphere, as every gale is scented by their odour. The Calabrian peasant never knows what winter is, for even now, in February, the country wears the full appearance of summer, from the softness of the climate, and infinite variety of ever-greens. But the beneficence of nature is ill repaid in this charming region, for the inhabitants are worse than barbarians, and the nobility, who possess immense tracts of land here, never see them, but reside altogether at Naples.

On the summit of one of the neighbouring hills, that commands an extensive sweep of prospect over the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the two Calabrias, stands an hermitage, whose lonely tenant, (as our monks report,) is an Englishman. He has resided there nine years, and subsisted on the alms of the country people, who are extremely partial to him from the happy supposition that he is a Saint. Padre Vicenzo, the guardian of our little convent, tells me that he has often met him; and that once in a deep wood below the hermitage, he found him weep-

ing over a miniature, which on being surprised, he put hastily into his bosom and retired. He supposes him to be about forty years of age, and says his appearance is very noble and interesting. We have been, as you may imagine, very desirous of meeting with this melancholy man; but our continual expectation of a favourable wind has prevented it.

WATKINS'S TRAVELS.

The road between Alcano and Palermo is richly clothed with groves of ancient olive trees, and full of clear brooks and fountains. From the little town of Monreale, we looked down upon the capital of Sicily and its charming vicinity. The one grand and extensive, being in consequence of its numerous population, surrounded by large suburbs. The other diversified by groves of olive, fig, and orange trees, and a variety of villas and gardens. Behind all these objects of admiration, is that spacious bay, from the naval advantages of which, the city formerly called Panormus took its name. Its population, which exceeds 200,000 souls; the regularity and beauty of its construction; the number and magnificence of its nobility; put it upon a level with the first cities of Europe. The streets are broad and well paved,

particularly the two principal, which beseet each other at right angles. The port crowded with shipping, is at the western extremity of the city. At the eastern, the sea washes a terrace, called La Marina, with which it is impossible not to be in raptures. Here about sunset, the nobility assemble in their carriages for the air, (or as they call it, il Tresco) and conversation. At the end of this terrace are public gardens laid out with much taste in orange and lemon tree alleys, and ornamented with fountains, averies, &c. &c. Some letters from Naples, introduced us to Prince Caramimico, the viceroy. His excellency was some time the Neapolitan minister in England, where he acquired a very strong partiality for that country and its people, of which he has given us ample indication by his attention. At a public dinner, the most sumptuous I ever saw, the plate being gold, he made us sit on each side of him, and was extremely assiduous in helping us to several delicacies of his table; after the desert, he led the company into a saloon at the end of his castle, and over one of the city gate-ways; the view from which includes all the beauties of Palermo, its bay and neighbourhood.

WATKIN'S TRAVELS.

There is no place so much frequented, that is so little known by foreigners as Venice; but, it is impossible to see and not be charmed with this city, so dissimilar to all others. On approaching, it seems deluged by an inundation of the sea; as all their houses are built on piles in the water; their fronts being on the grand canal, their variety charm the eye, their beauty the taste, and their venerable aspect the imagination; many of them being three hundred years old, built by Sanosvino and Palladio, the two greatest architects since the revival of the liberal arts. I cannot give you a truer picture of the customs of Venice, than by telling you how we pass our time. At eleven we get up and breakfast, at twelve walk to St. Mark's Place, where every thing that is brilliant assembles; we dine at half after three, and go to bed till seven, when we dress and are taken in our gondola to the Fresco; about this time in the evening, the beau-monde of Venice meet on the Giudecca or Zuecca, the largest of their canals; the gondoliers then form a circle and row continually round, so that the company may see and salute each other as they pass. The most exquisite music accompany these parties; between nine and ten we frequent the coffee-rooms, the resort of the ladies, who are as numerous as the gentlemen; at eleven the operas begin, where we

pass the time in visits from one box to another, until they end, which happens about three o'clock. Thus we pass our time in this city of the waves; this happy seat of various and endless amusement. I am now writing to you upon deck, sitting with my face towards Venice, and at intervals viewing one of the grandest and most beautiful prospects in nature; the city seems to float upon the smooth surface of the Lagune, and appears surrounded by numerous detached islands; in the back ground are the Terra Firma and distant hills of Padua; before us rolls the Adriatic, the waves of which are now deeply flushed by the setting sun; at its northern extremity appear the high mountains of Friuli.

I left Venice with Foscarins, we were carried across the Lagune in a gondola to Trusina, where we found his post chaise and six beautiful Polish horses in waiting; our road lay along the banks of the Brenta, which presented a continued scene of mirth and happiness, being ornamented with magnificent palaces and casini, the inhabitants of which were then in the cool of the most charming evening you can conceive, engaged in every species of amusement that could render time agreeable, such as music, dancing, walking, conversation, and taking the fresco in their carriages. A little before ten we arrived at Stra, a hamlet half way to Padua,

in which he has an elegant seat, built by Palladio, the remainder of the night we passed in the rural coffee-houses of the neighbourhood, which are full of charming company. The next day we proceeded to Ponte-Lungo, where there is another mansion of my noble host, equally magnificent; one day we passed at this place, and then came to Padua.

WATKINS'S TRAVELS.

The city of Florence has deservedly acquired the appellation of La Bella. it stands in a luxuriant, beautiful, and extensive plain, surrounded by mountains of the Apennine. and is said by some authors, to have been an ancient town of Etruria, afterwards inhabited by the Phœnicians. The river Arno divides Florence into two unequal parts, which are united by four bridges, and that called Ponte-Sa Trinita, built by Ammannati is deemed remarkably elegant. All the Tuscan cities are excellently paved and very clean. Florence is particularly famed for its beautiful Mosaic work. In this country is found a sort of marble which splits almost like slate, and when polished, the variations of its yellow and brown veins, represent trees, landscapes, and ruins of old walls and castles; seve-

ral natural petrefactions are likewise found in this neighbourhood. No city in Italy can boast environs so rich and beautiful as those of Florence, the whole Val d'Arno abounding with corn, vineyards, fruit-trees, comfortable farm-houses, and magnificent villas; while the mountains are cloathed with olives, and adorned like the plain, with noble and almost innumerable edifices.

The usual airing of the Florentine nobility, is to the grand duke's Cassini, where people are allowed to walk, ride, and drive at all hours; it is deemed unwholesome to stay after sunset.

About three miles from the Porta St. Gallo, was the favorite retreat of Lorenzo il Magnifico, and in the hall of this villa, the Platonic Society used to assemble and form plans for those stately edifices and patriotic institutions, by which Lorenzo so much benefited, and embellished his country. The house stands upon an eminence, from whence the ground falls gradually almost every way, opening on one side to a noble view of Florence; on another to a boundless prospect of Val d'Arno; while on another, rise mountains, spotted over with magnificent villas; and on another yet, vaults Fissole, dignified with ruins of ancient Roman splendour; and, to complete the deliciousness of the situation, cool and refreshing breezes almost constantly blow

about noon from the Gulph of Spezia, and make the fortunate inhabitants of Carreggi unconscious of oppressive heat, even in the dog-days. This, like the generality of Tuscan villas, is built upon arches, and consists of an immense ground floor, with a spacious hall in its centre, and several surrounding rooms, every ceiling being arched, and every apartment cool; above stairs is another large hall, together with a magnificent suite of rooms, terminated by a beautiful terrace; and round the third story runs a gallery which commands a prospect so extensive, that it seems to overlook all Tuscany. On the outside of the house are noble porticos, and the water at this villa is peculiarly fine.

THE VILLA RICCARDI DE MEDICI.

The Villa Riccardi, near Florence, is a charming house, in a cool, dry and healthy situation; it consists of one immense floor, with spacious offices beneath, and on its roof a large tower, formerly the ensign of nobility, now considered merely as a prospect room; every ceiling and every floor is arched. This house which is built of white marble, stands upon a lawn, encircled by vine-yards and olive-gardens; the lawn falls every way, and commands a beautiful and ex-

tensive view. I took this villa for the summer, the rent was twenty sequins a month, with plate, linen, and every other accommodation for a large family. We once during the vintage, invited the surrounding peasantry to a dance; our ball-room was a lofty hall, sixty feet by thirty, and in the centre of the ceiling hung a lustre, composed of such light materials that every breeze gave it motion; indeed, it had the appearance of being turned round by an invisible hand. This lustre we filled with candles, and the walls (on which hung full length, portraits of the Medici Princes,) we decorated with festoons of vines, flowers and lamps, so that the whole apartment resembled an illuminated arbour. At sunset on the appointed day, our guests appeared all together upon a lawn which encircles the villa, preceded by their own band of music, which no sooner struck up a lively tune, than the dancers presented themselves at the hall-door, forming as they entered a quadrille which would have been admired on any opera stage; especially, as the dresses of the female dancers were beautiful; no sooner was this exhibition over, than all the women advanced in couples to the top of the hall, where we were seated, paying their compliments to us with as much elegance as if they had been bred in a court; after this ceremony we had another quadrille, different from,

but quite as pretty as the first, and with a succession of these dances we were amused till supper, after which our visitors who had been regaled with English punch, a liquor they particularly relish, came once more to us, when the women gracefully returned thanks for their entertainment, and then kissing our hands, and presenting their own to their partners, bowed and retired.

The following story may perhaps serve to shew, the grateful and delicate turn of mind possessed by the Tuscan peasantry:

One day as I was walking with my family near Careggi, we saw a girl, perhaps ten or twelve years of age, watching a flock of goats, and at the same time spinning with great diligence; her tattered garments bespoke extreme poverty, but her air was dignified, and her countenance so interesting, that we were irresistibly impelled to present her with two or three cracie; joy and gratitude instantly animated her fine eyes, while to our astonishment, she exclaimed, never, till this moment was I worth so much money: struck by her manner, we enquired her name, asking likewise where her parents lived. "My name, (replied she) is Teresa: but alas! I have no parents." Who then takes care of you? "The Madonna;" but who brought you up? "A peasant of Valombrosa; I was her

nurse-child; I have heard her say, my parents delivered me into her care, but that she did not know their name. As I grew up, she almost starved me; and what was still worse, beat me so cruelly, that at length I ran away from her." And where do you live now? "Yonder, in the plain, (pointing to Val d'Arno,) I have luckily found a mistress who feeds me, and lets me sleep in her barn: this is her flock." And are you happy now? "O yes, very happy; at first to be sure, 'twas lonesome lying in the barn by myself, 'tis so far from the house; but I am used to it now; and, indeed, I have not much time for sleep, being obliged to work at night when I go home, and I always go out with these goats at day-break: however, I do very well, for I get plenty of bread and grapes, and my mistress never beats me." Having learnt thus much, we presented our new acquaintance with a paul; but, to describe the ecstacy this gift produced, is impossible. "Now, (cried she, when a flood of tears had enabled her to speak) now I can purchase a Corona; now, I can go to mass, and petition the Madonna to preserve the good ladies of Careggi." On taking leave of this grateful girl, we desired she would sometimes pay us a visit; but to our surprize, we neither saw nor heard of her again, till the day before our depar-

ture; who, it appeared, that immediately after her interview with us, she had been seized with the natural small-pox; and, though, unassisted by medicine; air and low living had at length restored her to health.

During the next summer, we again resided at this charming villa, but for a considerable time saw nothing of Teresa: one day, however, we observed a beautiful white goat browsing near our gate; on opening which, we perceived our protegee with her whole flock; we eagerly asked, why we had not seen her before. "I was fearful of obtruding, (replied she) but I have watched you at a distance ladies, ever since your return; and I could not forbear coming a little nearer than usual to-day, in the hope that you might notice me." We now presented her with a scudo, and intreated that she would sometimes call upon us. "No ladies, (answered this scrupulous girl*) I am not properly dressed to enter your doors; but with the money you have kindly given me, I shall purchase a stock of flax; and then if I should have health to work very hard, I may soon be able by selling my thread, to get decent apparel and wait upon you, clothed with the fruits of your bounty." And, indeed,

* This interesting young creature, informed us, that without a corona, she could not be permitted to go to mass.

it was not long ere we had the pleasure of seeing her come to visit us neatly clad, and exhibiting a picture of contentment.

STARK'S ITALY.

I arrived yesterday at Avignon. My first anxiety was to visit the fountain of Vaucluse. Methinks I still see escaping from a chain of mountains, as from the depth of a vast tube, a river which rises, rushes up, and instantly overflows, with an impetuosity, a thunder, a boiling, a foam, with falls which never can be described, either by the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the painter. Such is the fountain of Vaucluse. In an instant this river becomes calm like a happy disposition, moderated by its native goodness, after the first transports of vivacity. It now changes its silver waves into waves of azure; and pours, and rolls, and diffuses them on a bed of emerald; but it soon divides itself into a multitude of little streams, to meander through a charming valley. On quitting the valley, these rivulets unite, and all together take their course by a hundred different ways, to water, fertilize and embellish, under the name of the Sorgue, the delightful country of Avignon.

The memory of Petrarch and of Laura ani-

mates every object; it embellish and renders enchanting the landscape. I sought for traces of these lovers on every rock. Here then, said I, they used to sit together. I seated myself on the declivity of a rock, and for an hour, was absorbed in listening to the noise of those waterfalls, contemplating the verdure of that turf, the azure of yon beauteous sky, the youth of the year, and thinking on Laura. There I summoned in imagination, and assembled round me all the objects most dear to my heart. My wife, my children, why are ye not here to enjoy with me this enchanting prospect.

I arrived here late last evening, and was all impatience till the first dawn of day should exhibit to my eyes the ancient capitol of the world; at length I beheld Rome. I beheld that theatre where human nature has been all that it can ever be; has performed every thing that it ever can perform; has displayed all the virtues; exhibited all the vices; brought forth the sublimest heroes, and most execrable monsters; has been elevated to a Brutus, degraded to a Nero, and re-ascended to a Marcus Aurelius; how little of this prodigious city now remains entire.

I must begin by straying without choice amid these venerable ruins. How magnificent yon dome, its peristyle, and those eight Corinthian columns, on which rests the pediment of this immortal monument, the Pantheon. The eye can never tire with mounting with them in the air, and following their descent. They present somewhat an appearance of animated life, that creates a pleasing illusion, an elegant shape, a noble stature, and a majestic head; round which the Acanthus, with leaves at once so flexible and so superb, forms a crown, which, like that of kings, serves a double purpose of decorating the august head to which it gives a splendour, and disguising the immense weight that loads it. The design of the Pantheon is simple and grand; its circular form is happy; its circumference is majestically vaulted with a vast cupola; but why all these gew-gaws of gold and marble, it is difficult to determine who has done the most injury to this ancient edifice, the barbarians who despoiled, or the popes who have ornamented it. Those columns are beautiful from the harmony of the most perfect proportions. The most exquisite workmanship, and the lapse of twenty centuries, which adds to their grandeur, and the awe they inspire. The dusky hue of time, with which its walls is now tinged, is well worth the

splendid colours of the marble, of which it has been despoiled, that gave it such brilliancy in former days. On coming out of the Pantheon, I went to the capitol. This place, which gave law to the universe, where Jupiter had his temple, and Rome her senate; from whence, of old, the Roman eagles were continually flying into every quarter of the globe; and from every quarter of the globe winging their way back with victories, whence a single word from the mouth of Scipio, of Pompey, or of Cæsar, quickly reached the most distant nations, menacing their liberty, and deciding on the fate of kings; where the greatest men of the republic, in short, still continued to live after their death in statues, and still to govern the world with the authority of Romans. This place so renowned, has lost its statues, its senate, its citadel, its temples; it has retained nothing but its name, so cemented by the blood and tears of nations. That time has not yet been able to disjoin the immortal syllables of which it is composed, it is still called the capitol. 'Tis among these ruins we perceive, in the strongest light, the insignificance of all human things, and the power of fortune.

I seek in vain the place where stood the citadel. The Tarpeian rock is more than three-fourths buried. I am impatient to seek what

remains of the forum; what a change! that forum, formerly filled with temples, palaces, and triumphal arches, where Cicero harangued, what was celebrated throughout the world, by the name of the Forum Romanum, cattle now low, and it is called at Rome the Field of Cows.

Behold that fountain, so celebrated in the history of Rome, on whose banks the sage Numa pretended to converse with his Naiad; and in which the chaste vestals bathed themselves many ages after, under the Cæsars. How delightful is that canopy of briars, ivy, and the wild vine, which now occupy one half of that marble dome, and curtain round the fountain, with their soft and pleasing shades, continually waving with the zephyr. I could never tire with examining the forum. I wandered from one ruin to another; from an entablature to a column, from the arch of Septimius Severus, to that of Titus; here I sat down on a shaft, there on a pediment, and further on a pilaster. That celebrated obelisk, transported with so much labour and expense, under the Cæsars, from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tiber, which rearing its majestic head amid the seven hills, reflected the rays of the sun, and shewed all Rome the hour of the day, now lies in a corner, mutilated like a dead body, covered with dust and dirt, and

consumed by time. I cannot express the sensation I experienced, on entering and walking in the mausoleum of Augustus.

We left Rome about four in the afternoon, and have this instant arrived at Tivoli; already the moon gives me a view of the Temples of Vesta and Sibyl from my chamber windows; I see that Anio, which will eternally resound in the verses of Horace: it arrives slowly on a smooth and level bed, washing on one side a town scattered along its banks, and on the other large elm trees, which suspend over it their lofty branches. Thus does he advance, calm, majestic, and serene; but on a sudden raging with inexpressible fury, he dashes his waters on the rocks, when they fall in one vast sheet of foam; above our heads a sky of the purest azure, resting as it were, its dome on a circular range of Corinthian pillars of white marble, whilst silver and purple clouds were continnally passing beneath and decorating the majestic arch. I met some husbandmen driving their ploughs amid the mutilated trunks of ancient columns. I stept aside for a moment to see the remains of the porticoes, which had borne palaces of marble, and now supported fields of olive trees. My chil-

dren, you must come and seat yourselves under this ancient olive tree, beneath which I am now sitting; it is that which advances the nearest to the precipice; it is opposite to a rock, under this tree, my children, you will best enjoy the whole of this enchanting prospect. Adieu, thou valley, ye water falls, ye pendent rocks, ye wild flowers, shrubs, and moss, adieu! In vain would ye detain me, I am a stranger; I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy; what I have seen, heard, and felt on your banks, I shall continue to regret in the bosom of my family and friends.

As to the church of St. Peter, no language can possibly furnish expressions to speak of it as it deserves. The square which is before this church, is one of the handsomest in Europe. In the middle of an immense enclosure, surrounded by a vast portico, which supports on four hundred majestic columns, two hundred colossal statues; between two superb basons, blackened with bronze and time, whose waters, perpetually in motion, spout up, sparkle, fall down again and murmur night and day; a magnificent obelisk pompously rears its head. This obelisk is of granite, and hewn in Egypt; it was erected

here by Sextus V. This is one of the most extensive edifices the world has seen; it divides the Vatican mount into two parts; it covers the circus of Nero, on which it is founded; and closes up between Rome and the world, the celebrated triumphal way. It is impossible to give an idea of the sensations which fill the soul, on entering for the first time the church of St. Peter; on finding ourselves on the extensive pavement, amidst enormous pillars, before these columns of bronze, at the sight of all these paintings, of all those statues, of all those mausolea, of all those altars, and under that dome, within that vast circumference; in a word, where the pride of the most powerful Pontiffs, and the ambition of all the fine arts, have unceasingly been adding for many centuries, ornament of granite, gold, marble, bronze, and canvass, increasing its grandeur and magnificence, and insuring its duration. The church of St. Peter contains the labour of eighteen whole years of the life of Michael Angelo. It is impossible here to entertain ordinary sentiments or vulgar ideas, what a theatre for the eloquence of religion. I could wish that one day, amidst all the splendour of religious pomp, in the depth of this profound silence, the voice of a Bossuet might thunder on a sudden, rolling from tomb to tomb, re-echoed

by all the vaulted roofs, and denouncing to an audience of kings, the sovereign word of the Almighty King of Kings, demanding an account from the awakened consciences of those pale and trembling monarchs, for all the blood and all the tears flowing at this very moment at their nod, over the surface of the earth.

To-day I passed three hours with nature, in the charming gardens of the villa Borghese. A graceful herd of deer, straying like myself in this inclosuse, at sight of me stopped short; all turned their beautiful heads together: then, resuming their speed, took their flight over the unbending stalks of flowers and blades of grass. How admirable the prospect from this eminence. Before me I have the Campania of Rome. How delightful the union of every species of cultivation. That multitude of intermingled castles and cottages. Those back grounds which unite the land and sky. That bluish vapour which veils the declivity of the mountains; that dazzling snow which sparkles on their summits; and amidst all these objects, the pines, poplars, and cypresses, which rear their heads amid ruined tombs and aqueducts.

ABBE D——.

I write from the summit of Vesuvius, by the light of an eruption at midnight.

On my arrival, about six in the evening, at Resina, a little village beyond Portisi, I left the carriage that had brought me, and mounted on a mule; while three sturdy fellows accompanied me, provided with a number of torches. I began by ascending between two fields covered with poplars, mulberry and fig trees, interwoven with plants and flourishing vines, which sometimes support themselves by, and hang suspended from those trees; at others mount up and bear by their own vigour in the air. As I passed on, the house of Pergolese was pointed out to me; whither he retired to soothe that melancholy at once so happy and fatal, to which at the age of twenty-seven he owed his immortal Stabat and his death. After traversing for an hour a number of beautiful orchards, I arrived at an immense lava. Vesuvius vomited it forth in an eruption about sixty years ago. All Naples trembled, but after threatening that city, it stopped its progress. The borders of this lava, like the banks of the Seine, are clad with turf and flowers, and shaded here and there with young shrubs, which are constantly bedewed, if I may so say, and nourished by fertile ashes. After pursuing for some time a very rugged

path, I found myself on frightful rocks, in the middle of moving cinders. There the earth is no longer trodden by the feet of animals, but those of man, who has discovered almost all the boundaries of nature, and often overstepped them still venturing thither. I paused a moment to look around, before me the shades of the night and clouds thickening with the smoke of the volcano, were floating around the mountain; behind me the sun sinking beyond the hills, was illuminating with his expiring rays, the coast of Pausilippo, Naples, and the sea; while the moon was rising over the island of Caprea, so that I beheld at the same instant, the waves of the sea sparkling with the reflection of the sun, the moon, and Mount Vesuvius. How glorious a picture! This then is that formidable volcano which has been burning for so many ages, which has overwhelmed so many cities; which every hour menaces that vast country, and that luxurious Naples; where at this moment they are laughing, dancing, and singing, unmindful of its ravages. The horrible abyss thunders, and already with a tremendous crash, vomits into the air, through a thick cloud of cinders, an immense sheet of fire, millions of sparks and thousands of stones, which are distinguished by the blackness of their colour, hiss with the rapidity

of their explosion, fall and return back into the rumbling gulph, or roll upon the mountain. I was really in ecstacy while viewing at once this desert; this height; this night, and the volcano, actually burning before my eyes. I could have wished to pass the night beside these fires, and see the sun at his return extinguish them with the splendour of his dazzling rays; but the wind blew with impetuosity, and had already frozen me and I descended with regret. Adieu, thou mountain, at once so formidable and so little dreaded. If thou art one day to drown beneath thy ashes, these castles, these villages, and yonder city; let it not at least be at the moment when my children shall be there.

ABBE DUPATY.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest.—GRAY.

Nothing has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon those personages who have performed a distinguished part on the theatre of life, whose actions were attended with important consequences to the world around them, or whose writings have animated or instructed mankind. The thought

that they are now no more, that their ashes are mingled with those of the meanest and most worthless, affords a subject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of pensiveness, may feel a secret sort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," says *Hamlet*, "that she may paint an inch thick; "yet to this she must come at last."

When *Xerxes*, at the head of his numerous army, and all his troops ranged in order before him, he burst into tears at the thought, that, in a short time, they would be sweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to those who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what *Xerxes* felt, from the consideration that those who then were, should cease to be, it is equally natural to feel, from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived, have ceased to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left some memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which those names are accompanied.

But serious as this reflection may be, it is not so deep as the thought, that even of those persons who were possessed of talents for distinguishing themselves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age,

much the greater part it is likely, from hard necessity, or by some of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the possibility of exerting themselves, or of being useful either to those who lived in the same age, or to posterity. Poverty in many, and "disastrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the genial current of the soul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midst of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are past; how many may exist at this very moment, who with all the talents fitted to shine in the world, to guide or to instruct it, may, by some secret misfortune, have had their minds depressed, or the fire of their genius extinguished!

I have been led into these reflections from the perusal of a small volume of poems which happens now to lie before me; which, though possessed of very considerable merit, and composed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well-written preface, the reader is told, that most of them are the production of *Michael Bruce:* that this *Michael Bruce* was born in a remote village in *Kinross-shire,* and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives: that in the twenty-first year of his age he was seized with a consumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the consideration of genius thus depressed by situation, suffered to pine in obscurity, and sometimes, as in the case of this unfortunate young man, to perish, it may be, for want of those comforts and conveniences which might have fostered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardships which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never pass the place (a little hamlet skirted with a circle of old ash trees, about three miles on this side of *Kinross*) where *Michael Bruce* resided: I never look on his dwelling,—a small thatched house, distinguished from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *sashed window* at the end, instead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeysuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myself in that spot, but I stop my horse involuntarily; and looking on the window, which the honeysuckle has now almost covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the mansion; I wish, and my heart swells while I do so, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of visiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may share some of my feelings, I will present them with an extract from the

last poem in the little volume before me, which, from its subject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep consumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himself every moment going faster to decline, is an object sufficiently interesting; but how much must every feeling on the occasion be heightened, when we know that this person possessed so much dignity and composure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the subject!

In the French language there is a much admired poem of the *Abbe de Chalieu*, written, in expectation of his own death, to the *Marquis de la Farre*, lamenting his approaching separation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the *Abbe de Chalieu*, has also written a poem on his approaching death; with the latter part of which I shall conclude this paper.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,

Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
Nor art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter'd death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough, for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes.
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

ORIGINAL POETRY, BY EDGAR.

[The following original pieces of Poetry, signed Edgar, have been presented to the editor, by the young gentleman who wrote the beautiful lines on the death of Gen. Sterett. Such compositions from a youth of eighteen years, are rarely to be found—They do equal credit to the head and heart of the respectable author.]

ABSENT FRIENDS.

In the calm stillness of the night,
O moon, upon thy sacred light
I gaze, and straight my fancy blends
The memory of my absent friends.
That sober, pensive, stealing grace,
That gleams so lovely from thy face,
That secret charm I find in thee
That makes thy beams so dear to me,
My anxious throbbing heart still blends
The memory of my absent friends.
Now velvet-footed silence reigns,
Along the blue etherial plains;

A reign so holy and so brief,
She fears a flutter of a leaf
Should break the quiet, and offend
The memory of an absent friend.
Chaste planet! roll thy liquid blaze;
I love to wander in thy rays,
And as thou sparklest from pole to pole,
I feel thy beams upon my soul,
Deep to my throbbing heart it sends
The memory of my absent friends.

EDGAR.

MUSIC.

Whence comes that stealing softness o'er my ear,
Like some kind spirit from the heavenly sphere?
It enters as these gently tremors roll,
And winds its airy bonds around the soul.
The heart when this delightful thrill is given,
Sinks in a placid sleep and dreams of heaven;
As every strain in tones so soft and clear,
Falls with so light a lapse upon the ear,
The bosom as in homage to its Lord,
Responds a harmony to every chord.
Music such as the mortal soul inspires,
Is but the echo of angelic lyres.
'Tis part of those celestial joys that flow,
To cheer us in this dreary vale of woe;

For when the just man sleeps the sleep of death;
When the soul breathes her first immortal breath,
The seraphs hovering round with starry wings,
First wake his raptures with celestial strings;
The harp announces to th' unfolding ear,
That life is ended, and that heaven is near.

EDGAR.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

Go visit those benighted shores,
Where that foul demon, *Discord* roars,
Where slavery clanks her chains—
How often wilt thou cast thine eyes,
In sorrow on thy native skies,
Where happy freedom reigns.

Go view those paltry trivial things,
The pride of courts, the pomp of kings,
The sceptre and the throne—
But here we find the free-born soul,
That frowns and spurns such base controul,
And kneels to *heaven* alone—

Go 'midst the painted stews of vice,
The sordid pleasures that entice,
By fashion's meteor ray—
But how much more does truth allure,
Our manners simple, morals pure,
And heaven illumes the way.

O think upon thy native plains,
Our lovely nymphs and manly swains,
And every tender tie—
Say, wilt thou find such dear delights,
Such tranquil days, such cheerful nights,
Beneath a foreign sky?

Give me the land of freedom's throne,
Where *Perry* and *Decatur* shone,
The mansion of the brave—
Others may seek another sky,
This country shall to me supply,
A cradle and a grave.

EDGAR.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

Thou goddess of the dark and tranquil eye,
O *Contemplation*, be thou still my friend—
Give me to read the mysteries of heaven—
The planets rolling in their rounds immense—
The unmeasur'd wonders hoary ocean hides,
Or all that swarm upon the earth's green face—
The universe is thine; 'tis by thy power,
That we can wander through this mighty maze,
Resolving every thread, and show that heaven,
Howe'er from human eyes concealed, displays
The workings of a great and mighty God—

It is by thee that man exalts himself
Above his nature—he can converse hold
With angels and the spirits of the just
Now made immortal—he can hear the harps
Of Cherubim and Seraphim around
Heaven's burning throne—then *Contemplation* come,
Baptise my vision with celestial light.

EDGAR.

TO THE EAGLE.

Sail along the proud dominion,
Wave aloft thy star bright pinion,
Hero of the feather'd race—
Thou wert form'd to sail in glory,
If we credit ancient story,
In thy towering pride of place.

Love, the fable says, delighted
At thy prowess thee invited,
Of all kinds that wing the air,
To forsake thy haunts terrestrial,
And in his domains celestial
His dread thunderbolts to bear.

Thou dist flap the sounding pinion,
And didst leave Jove's proud dominion,
With his thunderbolts so dread;

In the day of battle hovering,
Thy expanded wings were covering,
Fair Columbia's youthful head.

EDGAR.

MARTIAL GLORY.

Why do all these lights illume,
Why bursts th' obstreperous song of praise?
Why does the cheek of beauty bloom
Amidst this high and gaudy blaze?
Why do the Muses join the rout,
And from the wild enraptur'd lay?
What means this wild, this general shout,
What consecrates this happy day?

Dost thou not hear the cannon roar,
That echoes round from shore to shore,
And see the bright flash as it broke,
From yonder cloud of rolling smoke?
Behold this quiet rural scene,
How stain'd with blood instead of green,
The widow's shrieks and orphan's tears,
The virgin petrified with fears,
The father, brother, husband slain!
All welt'ring on the embattled plain—
While famine, poverty, despair,
With groans that rend the list'ning air,

March wild and frantic in the rear,
And close the sad procession here—
Inquirer hush thy wild alarms,
For these are *Glory's* dazzling charms.

EDGAR.

TO THE OLIVE.

When Peace a stranger, sought the globe,
Encircled by her snowy robe,
How sad her aspect fell—
The tear drops glistened in her eyes,
She raised her wings to mount the skies,
And bid the world farewell.

Just then a troop of nymphs and swains,
Came dancing o'er the verdant plains,
All sunshine life and mirth—
The angel paused before she flew,
And joy'd to see the happy few,
That worshipp'd her on earth.

At length a smiling shepherd said,
Unto the lovely nymph he led,
"This olive plant is thine—
Take this dear pledge—preserve it fair,
Still let it blossom in thy hair,
And round thy temples twine."

The angel in a blaze of light,
Burst full upon their ravish'd sight,
"Give me the plant she cried—
Henceforth this glory of the plains,
Shall charm not only nymphs and swains,
But all the world beside."

EDGAR.

TO THE LAUREL.

Take away that blood stain'd leaf,
Tho' lovely it appears—
It smells of slaughter, blood and grief,
'Tis steep'd in *woman's* tears.

Methinks I see the lightning's fly,
The thunder roars aloud,
While *Carnage* with her fiery eye,
Bends from her blood stain'd cloud.

I see whole cities wrapt in flame,
While havoc stalks around,
Almighty God! is this call'd FAME!
Is this a *warrior crowned?*

I see the widow pale and sad,
Beside her husband dead—
She sits in sable mourning clad,
And hangs her pensive head.

I see—but why should I pourtray,
Such spectacles of grief,
O hush these tremors—take away
That bloody Laurel leaf. EDGAR.

A LILY.

How pale appears that pensive face,
The pride of Flora's fragrant bowers,
O say, has sorrow found a place,
Among the family of flowers?

O tell me lovely maiden why,
That sorrowing look so pale, so sweet,
Has some false lover arch and sly,
Made thee the victim of deceit?

I spoke—she whispered in my ear
This was the maiden's coy reply—
"Enquiring swain intrude not here,
We know that we were born to die.

I grieve that man in pride of youth,
While rambling in fair Flora's bowers,
Can never learn this simple truth,
From all the family of flowers.

'Tis this that turns my cheek so pale,
And brings the dew-drops in my eyes;
O stranger listen to my tale,
Men are but flowers of larger size."

EDGAR.

TO MY FRIEND —— ——.

There is a tie to vulgar souls unknown,
The tie that sacred friendship calls its own—
We breathe and live still more and more allied,
Though miles uncounted may the space divide.
Thus the fair sun in his refulgent sphere,
Beholds his image painted bright and clear,
Where'er he holds his proud majestic reign,
In the calm surface of the blue domain.
He travels on in his imperial height,
The faithful shadow still pursues his flight;
At length he sinks supreme in all his rays,
The blaze of ocean still encountering blaze,
Until his last predestin'd course is run,
When those bright orbs unite and meet in one—
Friend of my heart—may yonder sun express,
The warm and constant friendship we profess,
Still may we wander like those faithful lights,
And shine so constant till the grave unites.

19 * EDGAR.

A DREAM.

I dream'd a form serene and fair,
With jet black eyes and auburn hair,
A cheek whose lustre might outvie,
The rose's rich and radiant dye.

I dream'd a smile so light and warm,
Broke o'er the features of the form,
Like the soft ray of lunar light,
That quivers on the stream of night.

I dreamed a sigh that gently stole,
Went warm and soothing to my soul;
I dream'd all this—the vision broke,
And straight my ravish'd eyes awoke.

***** your image on my heart,
Had here perform'd the enchanter's part,
It rose in grace and love supreme,
Embodied in a midnight dream.

EDGAR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN C. CLAPHAM.

Just on the verge of life, and life is o'er,
Bright were thy glories, but they charm no more;
Death o'er thy fair ascending course has run,
And pour'd his shadows o'er thy rising sun.

Unsullied constancy—white handed truth,
Were ever thy companions noble youth—
In vain thy parents shed the trickling tear,
In vain thy sisters mourn a loss so dear—
Cold is thy bedding, and how dark thy sight,
The long grass waving to the gales of night,
Breathe to the midnight heavens a mournful sigh,
And whisper this sad truth, "*prepare to die.*"

EDGAR.

ODE,

FOR THE 12TH OF SEPTEMBER.

Why stands yonder marble* so cold to the eye,
That looks so serene and so fair,
It rises and seems to proclaim to the sky,
A *Hero* is slumbering there.

Know'st thou not, O stranger, that ominous night
When appalled by the beat of the drum,
Patapsco's blue waters flash'd horrible light,
And responded the blaze of the bomb.

Loud, loud roar'd the thunder, what bosom could brook
To stand unconcern'd midst the din,

* The Battle Monument.

M'Henry—the waves—and the firmament shook,
All, all but the heroes within.

How vain were those arms which the foeman did wield,
And the thunders then bursting around,
An angel unseen, caught the bombs on his shield,
And warded them off from the ground.

And hence is that proud marble monument seen,
It speaks the eternal decree,
Looking up to the heavens with a smile so serene,
That FREEMEN *shall ever be free.*

EDGAR.

TO MY SISTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Bright beams the sun with orient ray,
This, this is Ellen's *natal day.*

See o'er the shadows of the night,
Fair gleam the rays of purple light,
Dispensing gladness wide and far,
Behold the brilliant morning star;
Thus may the sable clouds of care,
The scowling visage of despair,
Fly from the midnight couch away,
As darkness from thy *natal day.*

And see, O see without a wrinkle
How all the lucid dew-drops twinkle,
Each sparkling diamond one by one,
Exulting shines a little sun;
Thus may each heavenly light combined.
Reflected be from Ellen's mind,
O may her future life be gay,
As this her brilliant *natal day*.

And see how all the bursting earth,
Receives from smiling heaven a birth,
The gentle flowers more lovely bloom,
And breathe a more intense perfume,
The streams that down the valley run
In twinkling flashes shew the sun;
Thus may each virtue nourished fair,
Each fond affection blooming rare,
So glitter in the heavenly ray,
As earth upon thy *natal day*.

What changes does the sky unfold,
See purple, azure, green, and gold,
All fair and beautiful to view,
All lovely and yet various too;
Thus may life's transitory gleam,
Be but the changes of a beam;
While darkness others may annoy,
Be *thine* the change from joy to joy,
And to the mouldering tomb's decay,
May life be like thy *natal* day.

EDGAR.

TO SORROW.

Come thou pensive maid divine,
Oft have I been a guest of thine,
Come purify my heart—
Joy with all his giddy train,
Serves but to make the bosom vain,
He flashes to depart—
But *thou* wilt give a sweeter tone,
To bosoms which thy influence own,
We feel another's woe—
We feel the sacred charm that binds,
In magic folds congenial minds,
In links of love below—
When tyrants with a cruel frown,
Would trample modest virtue down,
O teach me stern disdain—
To strike with force before unknown,
The proud oppressor from his throne,
And end the tyrant's reign.

EDGAR.

TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

Dear lov'd companion, tho' I stray
A tedious, mournful, length away,
Thy image never can depart,
I feel its presence in my heart—

Nor time nor distance shall impair,
The lovely portrait painted there—
'Tis there I find those sparkling eyes,
Those cheeks like morning's ruddy skies,
Those lips that well become a fay,
Where all the loves and graces play—
Those heavenly hues to understand,
I ask no painter's helping hand,
No shadow from his pencil drest,
To glitter on this faithful breast;
Mem'ry, with more consummate art,
Has formed your portrait on my heart.

EDGAR.

A SMILE.

The graces on a certain day,
Beheld a sleeping infant lay,
Each sister goddess strove to toy,
Delighted with this darling boy;
Strange to relate each sister grace,
On that fair soft and slumbering face,
Laid the soft hand in playful wiles,
When straight the cheek broke forth in smiles—
And from that hour the smile betrays,
The graces in their native blaze.

EDGAR.

FEMALE VIRTUE.

There is whene'er it meets my view,
A radiance in that eye of blue,
That I would fain explain;
But tho' I've strove to find the cause,
And ransack'd all dame nature's laws,
My search has been in vain.

Presumptuous youth, henceforth forbear!
The cause my Muse can well declare;
In that fine eye of blue,
Majestic Virtue holds her throne,
And when we see we can but own,
Her power, and *tremble too.*

EDGAR.

TWILIGHT.

What lustre decks the azure plains,
Streak after streak in long drawn strains,
The sinking glory runs in veins,
Athwart the heaven's wide canopy.

The forest seems to leave the land,
And in the firmament to stand,
And through the leaves with lustre grand,
The stars of eve burn brilliantly.

How light the landscape on the view,
As if on yonder cloud of blue,
A fairy touch an angel drew
With all a seraph's ecstacy;

And by such transformation rare,
The verdant foliage floats in air,
As if the heavens and earth would share
A part in this grand jubilee.

This is the silent teeming hour,
When Fancy works with all her power,
The poet feels a sacred shower,
Of thoughts that bathe his fantasy.

The moon just peering up the hill,
Slides o'er the firmament so still,
As if she felt the magic thrill,
And join'd the solemn revelry.

EDGAR.

TO DESPONDENCY.

Say, what's the world to me,
For I have seen,
Life in its green,
And sun light glow—
But shades of sorrow spread
O'er this devoted head

A dark funereal adamantine gloom
That warns th' approaching tomb—
O *Beauty!* where are now thy charms?
Thy vernal smile
Did once beguile,
Thy tresses fair
Beyond compare
Once wound their ringlets round my throbbing breast,
I dreamed, but *only dreamed* that I was blest—
Ambition! where art thou?
I loved bright glory's dazzling heights,
I loved the poet's flights,
The hero's blaze
Once pour'd its rays—
I loved to read of armed men,
Of battles fought and won—
But *now* these topics charm no more,
I sit and deeply I deplore—
Where is the transport of external things?
Beauty has wings,
Ambition tires,
Oblivion's wave absorbs her glittering fires—
Riches may charm the miser's head,
And *Pleasure* momentary transport spread—
Come then *Despondency* for thou canst cure,
Oh, teach that joys like these should never more allure.

EDGAR.

ORIGINAL POETRY,

By a Young Lady of Baltimore.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

Faint in the west, the day's last glory shone,
Dun round the wood the veil of ev'ning twin'd;
While the chill rustling breeze with frequent moan,
To pleasing melancholy train'd my mind.
My eye, by no bright sun-ting'd prospect caught,
From the soft twilight gloom of Nature's face
Turn'd inward to my heart, and pensive Thought
Began the walks of early youth to trace;
O'er many a joy that bloom'd e'er Reason shone,
O'er many a genial tie by absence loos'd;
O'er many an hour that Friendship mark'd her own,
With half-formed smile, and tearful eye I mus'd.
If to the pictured scenes of Memory stole,
Joys that unguided Fancy fondly lov'd;
Some objects dearer to my inmost soul,
In the consenting dream unbidden mov'd.
For there the hoary head of Age was seen,
Its locks of venerable grace to wave;
Amid the beating storms of life serene,
With dignity descending to the grave.

Those white locks streaming in the wintry air,
As to the temple of his God he* went;
His pious zeal, his loud responses there,
And his weak form in holy service bent,
To Memory's picture gave so pure a hue,
That drooping Fancy from my mind retir'd;
But soon reviv'd, she pierc'd the etherial blue,
And sought the place where his gold harp respir'd.
And did not Memory's hallow'd tablet bear,
In colours that the Muse could ne'er refine,
Another happy, late sojourner here,
Whose spirit now is rob'd in light divine;
Not slily to the honour'd picture stole,
Nor there the snowy locks of Age to wave;
But with an eye that brightly told thy soul,
And lips that grac'd the solemn truths they gave.
Thou† Ann, whose spirit blest was pure on earth;
Sweet patient tutoress of tender youth,
Who blent with irksome lessons, guiltless Mirth,
And gave the darken'd mind the light of truth.
Thou whom Religion rais'd above this world,
Had yet a heart to feel Affliction's wound;
Not by the storms of selfish passion hurl'd,
Thy peace was in the peace of others found.
The tender offices of love to fill;
Infirmity and drooping Age to sooth;
In the young mind, the germs of vice to kill;

* The late venerable Mr. D. of Baltimore, and grandfather of the author. † The late Miss C. of Baltimore.

And Passion's gusts with gentle hand to smooth;
The secret mines of Knowledge to explore,
When night releas'd thee from thy active care,
In solitude thy Maker to adore,
And pour thy spotless soul in fervent prayer:
Such was thy life, to tell its happier close,
The trembling Muse delays with holy dread;
When with a spirit that devoutly rose,
Thy lips receiv'd the consecrated bread.
By the soft charm of poesy beguil'd,
Shall I at Fancy's call presume to say,
What blooming seraph o'er thy parting smil'd?
What strain allur'd thee from this world away?
Pure was thy life, and, in thy parting hour,
Each feature mark'd with sweet serenity;
O! what but virtue gave thy lips the power,
In death to say, that death was life to thee.
When Memory's picture bears the bright impress
Of Virtue, such, departed Ann, as thine;
It kindly comes, the youthful heart to bless,
And fill the soul with images divine.
As the pure graces of thy mind appear,
I feel the glow of emulation rise,
Nor breathe one sigh, nor shed one selfish tear,
That would recall thy spirit from the skies.

1813.

A DREAM—BY THE SAME.

The rosy hour of eve had blush'd,
And dim through clouds pale Hesper shone;
All sounds save whip-poor-will were hush'd,
And sleepless Echo's fainter moan.

The poplar's darkly waving form
Bent graceful to the passing wind;
I heeded nought, for Memory's charm
To former scenes allured my mind.

The chill breeze o'er my bosom blew,
My sighs would mingle with the blast,
And tears would stream to dim my view,
Of Hope's sweet vision as it pass'd.

Still the warm tear would dim my eye,
My cheek the trickling tribute felt;
Till slumber hush'd my trembling sigh,
And softly on my senses dwelt.

No blissful vision Fancy wove,
With no sweet dream my slumbers blest;
Pourtrayed no scene of social love,
But sought the ocean's wavy breast.

And lo, on yonder lovely green
She bade the mighty billows roar;
And horrid rocks deform a scene
That ever smil'd in peace before:

And there a bark with quivering sail,
Paus'd on the ocean's treacherous breast,
And waiting but the rising gale,
Claimed one short hour of doubtful rest.

Sad on the vessel's side I stood,
Nor heard the waves' tremendous roar,
Nor mark'd the wild surrounding flood;
My heart, my soul was on the shore.

There were the friends whose loves had strown
With flowers the early walks of youth,
Whom I from infancy had known,
And felt their love and proved their truth.

There shriek'd a mother's wild alarms;
There spoke a sister's rising pain,
And there a father's open arms,
To clasp his child were stretch'd in vain.

From yon sweet grove a zephyr flew,
And slow the unwilling vessel mov'd;
But stronger now the breezes blew,
And bore me from the scene I lov'd.

Deep from my soul arose the sigh,
More faint and faint the shore appears,
Fast fading to my aching eye,
And dimly seen through streaming tears.

I shuddered on the awful brink,
Of losing this retiring view,
And fond Affection's tender link,
Still strengthen'd as the distance grew.

At length a shadowy vapour twin'd,
  Cerulean round the distant shore;
No sad faint view my eye could find;
  My friends, my home were seen no more.

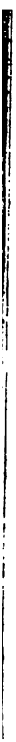
And here my heart's convulsive bound,
  This trance of gloomy horror broke;
To softer scenes, and softer sounds,
  My trembling senses slowly woke.

The hour was redolent and still,
  To slumber hush'd the evening gale;
But waking, yet the whip-poor-will
  Poured forth a melancholy wail.

Gone were the clouds; the queen of night
  Lit the blue arch with silvery beam,
Illum'd the dew-drop trembling bright,
  And kiss'd the meadow's feeble stream.

When Reason came with power serene,
  To hush my heart's affrighted throes;
Where prone to light a happier scene,
  The lovely star of Hope arose.
1814.

THE END.



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